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By John Masefield

How still this quiet cornfield is to-night;
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still;
The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out
Past the blue hills into the evening sky;
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is I never saw
So great a beauty on these English fields
Touched, by the twilight's coming, into awe,
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's yields.

* * * * *

These homes, this valley spread below me here,
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking dear
To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumours and alarms
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh,

And knew, as we know, that the message meant
The breaking-off of ties, the loss of friends,
Death like a miser getting in his rent
And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls;

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind.

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs
And so, by ship to sea, and knew no more
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,
Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
The freezing in the rigging, the despair
In the revolting second of the wrench
When the blind soul is flung upon the air,

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands,
Which love of England prompted and made good.

* * * * *

If there be any life beyond the grave
It must be near the men and things we love,
Some power of quick suggestion how to save
Touching the living soul as from above,

AUGUST, 1914

An influence from the Earth from those dead hearts
So passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,
That in the living child the spirit starts
Feeling companioned still, not left behind.

Surely above these fields a spirit broods,
A sense of many watchers muttering near,
Of the lone Downland with the forlorn woods
Loved to the death, inestimably dear.

A muttering from beyond the veils of Death
From long dead men, to whom this quiet scene
Came among blinding tears with the last breath,
The dying soldier's vision of his queen.

All the unspoken worship of those lives
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls
Glimmers upon these fields where evening drives
Beauty like breath so gently darkness falls.

Darkness that makes the meadows holier still,
The elm trees sadden in the hedge, a sigh
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted hill,
The rising planets deepen in the sky,

And silence broods like spirit on the brae;
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight runs
Over the grasses of the ancient way,
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

Gordon

By Ian Hamilton

KHARTOUM, *January*, 1913

WHERE the Blue Nile into the White Nile slips;
Where the long betrothed at last link hands;
The ghosts of the dead men move their lips
And the sough of the wind o'er the desert sands
Bears the whispered name—Charles Gordon.

The murmur springs from the monstrous grave
Of the thrice ten thousand cruelly slain,
But the blue wave sobs to the milky wave,
"Once I bore on my bosom a crimson stain
From the heart of their God—Charles Gordon."

Yet ever the more, through all the land,
From Bahr el Ghazl to Kordofan,
That name is a spell to strengthen our hand;—
As the sign of the Cross, that name of a Man—
Of the Cross they fastened our Lord on.

Kitchener conquered and Wingate reigns:
No better soldiers; great their glory:—
The moth and the rust shall dispute their gains
While still, like the lantern of God, shines the story
Of the warrior who buckled no sword on.

Look, where our flag, like a restless flame,
Proclaims afar the end of fear;
Where would it be but for deeds of fame;
But for the man who stood under it—here!
As the Dervishes stormed,—Charles Gordon?

GORDON

From the steps his pinnace kept signalling, *Come—*
Our steam is up—the Nile flows red—
Closer each throb of the Dervish drum—
Khartoum is lost—your men are dead;—
And,—life is sweet, Charles Gordon!

* * * * * *

When the thirsty spears set his spirit free,
He met them, we know, as friend meets friend:
Sharp keys were they to Eternity,
But he has it—you swear—death was never the end
Of the leader we loved—Charles Gordon!

The Tribulations of the Mason-bee*

By Henri Fabre

To illustrate the methods of those who batten on others' goods, the plunderers who know no rest till they have wrought the destruction of the worker, it would be difficult to find a better instance than the tribulations suffered by the Chalicodoma of the Walls, a Mason-bee who builds on the stones or pebbles and who may fairly boast of being an industrious workwoman. Throughout the month of May we see her black squads, in the full heat of the sun, digging with busy teeth in the mortar-quarry of the road hard by. So great is her zeal that she hardly moves out of the way of the passer-by; more than one allows herself to be crushed underfoot, all absorbed as she is in collecting her cement.

The hardest and driest spots, which still retain the compactness imparted by the heavy steam-roller, are the favourite veins; and the work of making the pellet is slow and painful. It is scraped up, atom by atom, and, by means of saliva turned into mortar then and there. When it is all well kneaded and there is enough to make a load, the Mason sets off with an impetuous flight, in a straight line, and makes for her pebble, a few hundred paces away. The trowel of fresh mortar is soon spent, either in adding another storey to the turret-shaped edifice, or in cementing into the wall lumps of gravel that give it greater solidity. The journeys in search of cement are renewed until the structure attains the regulation height. Without a moment's rest, the Bee returns a hundred times to the stone-yard, always to the one spot recognised as excellent.

The victuals are now collected: honey and flower-dust. If there is a pink carpet of sainfoin anywhere in the neighbourhood, 'tis there that the Mason goes plundering by

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preference, though it cost her a four hundred yards' journey every time. Her crop swells with honeyed exudations, her belly is floured with pollen. Back to the cell, which slowly fills; and back straightway to the harvest-field. And all day long, with not a sign of weariness, the same activity is maintained as long as the sun is high enough. When it grows late, if the house is not yet closed, the Bee retires to her cell to spend the night there, head downwards, tip of the abdomen outside, a habit foreign to the Chalicodoma of the Sheds, who builds under the roof-tiles. Then and then alone the Mason rests; but it is a rest that is in a sense equivalent to work, for, thus placed, she blocks the entrance to the honey-store and defends her treasure against twilight or night marauders.

Being anxious to form some estimate of the total distance covered by the Bee in the construction and provisioning of a single cell, I counted the number of steps from a nest to the road where the mortar was mixed and from the same nest to the sainfoin-field where the harvest was gathered. I took such note as my patience permitted of the journeys made in both directions; and, completing these data with a comparison between the work done and that which remained to do, I arrived at nine and a half miles as the result of the total travelling. Of course, I give this figure only as a rough calculation; greater precision would have demanded more perseverance than I can boast.

Such as it is, the result, which is probably under the actual figure in many cases, is of a kind that gives us a vivid idea of the Mason-bee's activity. The complete nest will comprise about fifteen cells. Moreover, the heap of cells will be coated at the end with a layer of cement a good finger's-breadth thick. This massive fortification, which is less finished than the rest of the work, but more expensive in materials, represents perhaps in itself one-half of the complete task, so that, to establish her dome, *Chalicodoma muraria*, coming and going across the arid table-land, traverses altogether a distance of 275 miles, which is nearly half of the greatest dimension of France from north to south. After this, when, worn out with all this fatigue, the Bee retires to a hiding-place to languish in solitude and die, she is surely entitled to say:

"I have laboured, I have done my duty!"

Yes, certainly, the Mason-bee has toiled with a vengeance. To ensure the future of her offspring, the plucky creature has spent her own life without reserve, her long life of five or six weeks' duration, and now she breathes her last, contented because everything is in order in the beloved house: copious rations of the first quality; a shelter against the winter frosts; ramparts against the incursions of the enemy. Everything is in order, at least so she thinks; but, alas, what a mistake the poor mother is making! Here the hateful fatality stands revealed, *aspera fata*, which ruins the producer to provide a living for the drone; here we see the stupid and ferocious law that sacrifices the worker for the idler's benefit. What have we done, we and the insects, to be ground with sovran indifference under the millstone of such wretchedness? Oh, what terrible, what heartrending questions the Mason-bee's misfortunes would bring to my lips if I gave free scope to my sombre thoughts! But let us avoid these useless whys and keep within the province of the mere recorder.

There are some ten of them plotting the ruin of the peaceable and industrious Bee; and I do not know them all. Each has her own tricks, her own art of injury, her own exterminating tactics, so that no part of the Mason's work may escape destruction. Some seize upon the victuals, others feed on the larvæ, others again convert the dwelling to their own use. Everything has to submit: cell, provisions, scarce-weaned nurselings.

The stealers of food are the Stelis-wasp (*Stelis nasuta*) and the Dioxys-bee (*Dioxys cincta*). In the Mason's absence, the Stelis perforates the dome of cell after cell, lays her eggs there, and afterwards repairs the breach with a mortar made of red earth, which at once betrays the parasite's presence to a watchful eye. The Stelis, who is much smaller than the Chalicodoma, finds enough food in a single cell for the rearing of several of her grubs. The mother lays a number of eggs—which I have seen vary between the extremes of two and twelve—on the surface, next to the Mason's egg, which itself undergoes no outrage whatever.

Things do not go so badly at first. The feasters swim—it is the only word—in the midst of plenty; they eat and digest like brothers. Presently times become hard for the

hostess' son; the food decreases, turns scarce; and at last not an atom remains, though the Mason's larva has attained at most a quarter of its growth. The others, more expeditious feeders, have exhausted the victuals long before the victim has finished his normal repast. The swindled grub shrivels up and dies, while the gorged larvæ of the Stelis begin to spin their strong little brown cocoons, pressed close together and lumped into one mass, so as to make the best use of the scanty space in the crowded dwelling. Should you inspect the cell later, you will find, between the heaped cocoons on the wall, a little dried-up corpse. It is the larva that was such an object of care to the mother Mason. The efforts of the most laborious of lives have ended in this lamentable relic. It has happened to me just as often, when examining the secrets of the cell which is at once cradle and tomb, not to come upon the deceased grub at all. I picture the Stelis, before laying her own eggs, destroying the Chalicodoma's egg and eating it, as the Osmiæ do among themselves; or I picture the dying thing, an irksome mass for the numerous spinners at work in a narrow habitation, being cut to pieces to make room for the medley of cocoons. But to so many deeds of darkness I would not like to add another by an oversight; and I prefer to admit that I failed to perceive the grub that died of hunger.

Let us now show up the Dioxys. At the time when the work of construction is in progress, she is an impudent visitor of the nests, exploiting with the same effrontery the enormous cities of the Mason-bee of the Sheds and the solitary cupolas of the Mason-bee of the Pebbles. An innumerable population, coming and going, humming and buzzing, strikes her with no awe. On the tiles hanging from the walls of my porch, I see her, with her red scarf round her body, stalking with sublime assurance over the ridged expanse of nests. Her black schemes leave the swarm profoundly indifferent; not one of the workers dreams of chasing her off, unless she should come bothering too closely. Even then, all that happens is a few signs of impatience on the part of the hustled Bee. There is no serious excitement, no eager pursuits such as the presence of a mortal enemy might lead us to suspect. They are there in their thousands, each armed with her dagger; any

one of them is capable of slaying the traitress and not one attacks her. The danger is not suspected.

Meanwhile, she inspects the work-yard, moves freely among the ranks of the Masons and bides her time. If the owner be absent, I see her diving into a cell, coming out again a moment later with her mouth smeared with pollen. She has been to try the provisions. A dainty connoisseur, she goes from one store to another, taking a mouthful of honey. Is it a tithe for her personal maintenance, or a sample tested for the benefit of her coming grub? I should not like to say. What I do know is that, after a certain number of these tastings, I catch her stopping in a cell, with her abdomen at the bottom and her head at the orifice. This is the moment of laying, unless I am much mistaken.

When the parasite is gone, I inspect the home. I see nothing abnormal on the surface of the mass. The sharper eye of the owner, when she gets back, sees nothing either, for she continues the victualling without betraying the least uneasiness. A strange egg, laid on the provisions, would not escape her. I know how clean she keeps her warehouse; I know how scrupulously she casts out anything introduced by my agency: an egg that is not hers, a bit of straw, a grain of dust. So, according to my evidence and that of the Chalicodoma, which is more conclusive, the Dioxys' egg, if it is really laid then, is not placed on the surface.

I suspect, without having yet verified my suspicion—and I reproach myself for the neglect—I suspect that the egg is buried in the heap of pollen-dust. When I see the Dioxys come out of a cell with her mouth all over yellow flour, perhaps she has been surveying the ground and preparing a hiding-place for her egg. What I take for a mere tasting might well be a more serious act. Thus concealed, the egg escapes the eagle eye of the Bee, whereas, if left uncovered, it would inevitably perish, would be flung on the rubbish-heap at once by the owner of the nest. When the Spotted Sapyga-wasp lays her egg on that of the Bramble-dwelling Osmia, she does the deed under cover of darkness, in the gloom of a deep well to which not the least ray of light can penetrate; and the mother, returning with her pellet of green putty to build the closing partition,

does not see the usurping germ and is ignorant of the danger. But here everything happens in broad daylight; and this demands more cunning in the method of installation.

Besides, it is the one favourable moment for the Dioxys. If she waits for the Mason-bee to lay, it is too late, for the parasite is not able to break down doors, as the Stelis does. As soon as her egg is laid, the Chalicodoma of the Sheds comes out of her cell and at once turns round and proceeds to close it up with the pellet of mortar which she holds ready in her mandibles. The material is employed with such method that the actual sealing is done in a moment: the other pellets, the object of repeated journeys, will serve merely to increase the thickness of the lid. The chamber is inaccessible to the Dioxys from the first touch of the trowel. Hence it is absolutely necessary for her to see to her egg before the Mason-bee of the Sheds has disposed of hers and no less necessary to conceal it from the Mason's watchful eye.

The difficulties are not so great in the nests of the Chalicodoma of the Pebbles. After this Bee has laid her egg, she leaves it for a time to go in search of the cement needed for closing the cell; or, if she already holds a pellet in her mandibles, this is not enough to seal it properly, as the orifice is larger. More pellets are needed to wall up the entrance entirely. The Dioxys would have time to strike her blow during the mother's absences; but everything seems to suggest that she behaves on the pebbles as she does on the tiles. She steals a march by hiding the egg in the mass of pollen and honey.

What becomes of the Mason's egg confined in the same cell with the egg of the Dioxys? In vain have I opened nests at every season; I have never found a vestige of the egg nor of the grub of either Chalicodoma. The Dioxys, whether as a larva on the honey, or enclosed in its cocoon, or as the perfect insect, was always alone. The rival had disappeared without a trace. A suspicion thereupon suggests itself; and the facts are so compelling that the suspicion is almost equal to a certainty. The parasitic grub, which hatches earlier than the other, emerges from its hiding-place, from the midst of the honey, comes to the surface and, with its first bite, destroys the egg of the

Mason-bee, as the Sapyga does the egg of the Osmia. It is an odious, but a supremely efficacious method. Nor must we cry out too loudly against such foul play on the part of a new-born infant: we shall meet with even more heinous tactics later. The criminal records of life are full of these horrors which we dare not search too deeply. An infinitesimal creature, a barely-visible grub, with the swaddling-clothes of its egg still clinging to it, is led by instinct, as its first inspiration, to exterminate whatever is in its way.

So the Mason's egg is exterminated. Was it really necessary in the Dioxys' interest? Not in the least. The hoard of provisions is too large for its requirements in a cell of the Chalicodoma of the Sheds; how much more so in a cell of the Chalicodoma of the Pebbles! She eats not a half, hardly a third of it. The rest remains as it was, untouched. We see here, in the destruction of the Mason's egg, a flagrant waste which aggravates the crime. Hunger excuses many things; for lack of food, the survivors on the raft of the *Medusa* indulged in a little cannibalism; but here there is enough and to spare. When there is too much for her, what earthly motive impels the Dioxys to destroy a rival in the germ stage? Why cannot she allow the larva, her mess-mate, to take advantage of the remains and afterwards to shift for itself as best it can? But no: the Mason-bee's offspring must needs be stupidly sacrificed on the top of provisions which will only grow mouldy and useless! I should be reduced to the gloomy lucubrations of a Schopenhauer if I once let myself begin on parasitism.

Such is a brief sketch of the two parasites of the Chalicodoma of the Pebbles, true parasites, consumers of provisions hoarded on behalf of others. Their crimes are not the bitterest tribulations of the Mason-bee. If the first starves the Mason's grub to death, if the second makes it perish in the egg, there are others who have a more pitiable ending in store for the worker's family. When the Bee's grub, all plump and fat and greasy, has finished its provisions and spun its cocoon wherein to sleep the slumber akin to death, the necessary period of preparation for its future life, these other enemies hasten to the nests whose fortifications are powerless against their hideously in-

genious methods. Soon on the sleeper's body lies a nascent grub which feasts in all security on the luscious fare. The traitors who attack the larvæ in their lethargy are three in number: an Anthrax-fly, a Leucospis-beetle and a microscopic dagger-wearer known by the name of *Monodontomerus cupreus*. These are the three exterminators proper.

The provisions are stolen, the egg is destroyed. The young grub dies of hunger, the larva is devoured. Is that all? Not yet. The worker must be exploited thoroughly, in her work as well as in her family. Here are some now who covet her dwelling. When the Mason is constructing a new edifice on a pebble, her almost constant presence is enough to make the aspirants to free lodgings keep their distance; her strength and vigilance overawe whoso would annex her masonry. If, in her absence, one greatly daring thinks of visiting the building, the owner soon appears upon the scene and ousts her with the most discouraging animosity. She has no need then to fear the entrance of unwelcome tenants while the house is new. But the Bee of the Pebbles also uses old dwellings for her laying, as long as they are not too much dilapidated. In the early stages of the work, neighbours compete for these with an eagerness which shows the value attached to them. Face to face, at times with their mandibles interlocked, now both rising into the air, now coming down again, then touching ground and rolling over each other, next flying up again, for hours on end they will wage battle for the property at issue.

A ready-made nest, a family heirloom which needs but a little restoring, is a precious thing for the Mason, ever sparing of her time. We find so many of the old homes, repaired and restocked, that I suspect the Bee of laying new foundations only when there are no second-hand nests to be had. To have the chambers of a dome occupied by a stranger therefore means a serious privation.

Now several Bees, however industrious in gathering honey, in building party-walls and in fashioning receptacles for provisions, are less clever at preparing the resorts in which the cells are to be stacked. The abandoned chambers of the Chalicodoma, now larger than they were originally, through the addition of the hall of exit, are first-rate acquisitions for them. The great thing is to occupy these chambers first, for here possession is nine parts of the law

Once established, the Mason is not disturbed in her home, while she, in her turn, does not disturb the stranger who has settled down before her in an old nest, the patrimony of her family. The disinherited one leaves the Bohemian to enjoy the ruined manor in peace and goes to another pebble to establish herself at fresh expense.

In the first rank of these free tenants, I will place an Osmia-bee (*Osmia cyanoxantha*) and a Megachile, or Leaf-cutting Bee (*Megachile apicalis*), both of whom work in May, at the same time as the Mason, while both are small enough to lodge from five to eight cells in a single chamber of the Chalicodoma, a chamber increased by the addition of an outer hall. The Osmia subdivides this space into very irregular compartments, by means of slanting, upright or curved partitions, subject to the dictates of space. There is no art, consequently, in the accumulation of little cells; the architect's only task is to use the breadth at her disposal in a frugal manner. The material employed for the partitions is a green, vegetable putty, which the Osmia must obtain by chewing the shredded leaves of a plant whose nature is still uncertain. The same green paste serves for the thick plug that closes the abode. But in this case the insect does not use it unadulterated. To give greater power of resistance to the work, it mixes a number of bits of gravel with the vegetable cement. These materials, which are easily picked up, are lavishly employed, as though the mother feared lest she should not fortify sufficiently the entrance to her dwelling. They form a sort of coarse stucco on the more or less smooth cupola of the Chalicodoma; and this unevenness, as well as the green colouring of its mortar of masticated leaves, at once betrays the Osmia's nest. In course of time, under the prolonged action of the air, the vegetable putty turns brown and assumes a dead-leaf tint, especially on the outside of the plug; and it would then be difficult for any one who had not seen them when freshly made to recognise their nature.

The old nests on the pebbles seem to suit other Osmiæ. My notes mention *Osmia morawitzi* and *Osmia cyanea* as having been seen in these dwellings, though they are not very assiduous visitors. Lastly, to complete the enumeration of the Bees known to me as making their homes in the Mason's cupolas, I must add *Megachile*

apicalis, who piles in each cell a half-dozen or more honey-pots constructed with disks cut from the leaves of the wild rose, and an Anthidium whose species I cannot state, having seen nothing of her but her white cotton sacks.

The Mason-bee of the Sheds, on the other hand, supplies free lodgings to two species of Osmiæ, *Osmia tricornis* and *Osmia latreillii*, both of whom are quite common. The Three-horned Osmia frequents by preference the habitations of the Bees that build their nests in populous colonies, such as the Chalicodoma of the Sheds and the Hairy-footed Anthophora. Latreille's Osmia is nearly always found with the Three-horned Osmia at the Chalicodoma's.

The real builder of the city and the exploiter of the labour of others work together, at the same period, form a common swarm and live in perfect harmony, each Bee of the two species attending to her business in peace. They share and share alike, as though by tacit agreement. Is the Osmia discreet enough not to put upon the good-natured Mason and to utilise only abandoned passages, waste cells? Or does she take possession of the home of which the real owners could themselves have made use? I lean in favour of usurpation, for it is not rare to see the Chalicodoma of the Sheds clearing out old cells and using them as does her sister of the pebbles. Be this as it may, all this little busy world lives without strife, some building anew, others dividing up the old dwelling.

Those Osmiæ, on the contrary, who are the self-invited guests of the Mason-bee of the Pebbles are the sole occupants of the dome. The cause of this isolation lies in the unsociable temper of the proprietress. The old nest does not suit her from the moment that she sees it occupied by another. Instead of going shares, she prefers to seek elsewhere a dwelling where she can work in solitude. Her gracious surrender of a most excellent lodging in favour of a stranger who would be incapable of offering the least resistance if a dispute arose proves the great immunity which the Osmia enjoys in the home of the worker whom she exploits. The common and peaceful swarming of the Mason-bee of the Sheds and the two cell-borrowing Osmiæ proves it in a still more positive fashion. There is never a fight for the acquisition of another's goods or the defence

of one's own property; never a brawl between Osmiæ and Masons. Robber and robbed live on the most neighbourly terms. The Osmia considers herself at home and the other does nothing to undeceive her. If the parasites, so deadly to the workers, move about in their very ranks with impunity, without arousing the faintest excitement, an equally complete indifference must be shown by the dispossessed owners to the presence of the usurpers in their old homes. I should be greatly put to it if I were asked to reconcile this calmness on the part of the expropriated one with the ruthless competition that is said to sway the world. Fashioned so as to instal herself in the Mason's property, the Osmia meets with a peaceful reception from her. My feeble eyes can see no further.

I have named the provision-thieves, the grub-murderers and the house-stealers who levy tribute on the Mason-bee. Does that end the list? Not at all. The old nests are cities of the dead. They contain Bees who, on achieving the perfect state, were unable to open the exit-door through the cement and who withered in their cells; they contain dead larvæ, turned into black, brittle cylinders; untouched provisions, both mouldy and fresh, on which the egg has come to grief; tattered cocoons; shreds of skins; relics of the transformation.

If we remove the nest of the Chalicodoma of the Sheds from its tile—a nest sometimes quite eight inches thick—we find live inhabitants only in a thin outer layer. All the remainder, the catacombs of past generations, is but a horrible heap of dead, shrivelled, ruined, decomposed things. Into this substratum of the ancient city the unreleased Bees, the untransformed larvæ fall as dust; here the honey-stores of old go sour, here the uneaten provisions are reduced to mould.

Three undertakers, all members of the Beetle tribe, a Clerus, a Ptinus and an Anthrenus, batten on these remains. The larvæ of the Anthrenus and the Ptinus gnaw the ashes of the corpses; the larva of the Clerus, with the black head and the rest of its body a pretty pink, appeared to me to be breaking into the old jam-pots filled with rancid honey. The perfect insect itself, garbed in vermilion with blue ornaments, is fairly common on the surface of the clay slabs during the working season, strolling leisurely through

the building-yard to taste here and there the drops of honey oozing from some cracked pot. Notwithstanding his showy livery, so unlike the workers' sombre frieze, the Chalicodomæ leave the Beetle in peace, as though they recognised in him the scavenger whose duty it is to keep the sewers wholesome.

Ravaged by the passing years, the Mason's home at last falls into ruin and becomes a hovel. Exposed as it is to the direct action of wind and weather, the dome built upon a pebble chips and cracks. To repair it would be too irksome, nor would that restore the original solidity of the shaky foundation. Better protected by the covering of a roof, the city of the sheds resists longer, without, however, escaping eventual decay. The storeys which each generation adds to those in which it was born increase the thickness and the weight of the edifice in alarming proportions. The moisture of the tile filters into the oldest layers, ruins the foundations and threatens the nest with a speedy fall. It is time to abandon for good the house with its cracks and rents.

Thereupon the crumbling apartments, on the pebble as well as on the tile, become the home of a camp of gypsies, who are not particular where they find a shelter. The shapeless hovel, reduced to a fragment of a wall, finds occupants, for the Mason's work must be exploited to the utmost limits of possibility. In the blind alleys, all that remains of the former cells, Spiders weave a white-satin screen, behind which they lie in wait for the passing game. In nooks which they repair in summary fashion with earthen embankments or clay partitions, Hunting Wasps, Pompili and Tripoxyla, store up small members of the Spider tribe, including sometimes the Weaving Spiders who live in the same ruins.

I have said nothing yet of the Chalicodoma of the Shrubs. My silence is not due to negligence, but to the circumstance that I am almost destitute of facts relating to her parasites. Of the many nests which I have opened in order to study their inhabitants, only one so far has been invaded by strangers. This nest, the size of a large walnut, was fixed on a pomegranate branch. It comprised eight cells, of which seven were occupied by Chalicodomæ and the eighth by a little Chalcis, the plague of a whole host

of the Bee tribe. Apart from this instance, which was not a very serious case, I have seen nothing. In those aerial nests, swinging at the tip of a branch, not a Dioxys, a Stelis, an Anthrax, a Leucospis, those dread ravagers of the other two Masons; never any Osmiæ, Megachiles or Anthidia, those lodgers in the old buildings.

The absence of the latter is easily explained. The Chalicodoma's masonry does not last long on its frail support. The winter winds, when the shelter of the foliage has disappeared, must easily break the branch, which is little thicker than a straw and liable to give way by reason of its heavy burden. Threatened with an early fall if not already on the ground, last year's dwelling is not restored to serve the needs of the present generation. The same nest does not serve twice; and this does away with the Osmiæ and their rivals in the art of utilising old cells.

The elucidation of this point does not remove the obscurity of the next. I can see nothing to account for the absence, or at least the extreme rareness, of usurpers of provisions and consumers of grubs, both of whom are very indifferent to the new or old conditions of the nest, so long as the cells are well stocked. Can it be that the lofty position of the edifice and the shaky support of the branch arouse distrust in the Dioxys and other malefactors? For lack of a better explanation, I will leave it at that.

If my idea is not an empty fancy, we must admit that the Chalicodoma of the Shrubs was singularly well-inspired in building in mid-air. You have seen of what misfortunes the other two are victims. If I take a census of the population of a tile, many a time I find the Dioxys and the Mason-bee in almost equal proportions. The parasite has wiped out half the colony. To complete the disaster, it is not unusual for the grub-eaters, the Leucospis and her rival, the pygmy Chalcis, to have decimated the other half. I say nothing of *Anthrax sinuata*, whom I sometimes see coming from the nests of the Chalicodoma of the Sheds; her larva preys on the Three-horned Osmia, the Mason-bee's visitor.

All solitary though she be on her boulder, which would seem the proper thing to keep away exploiters, the scourge of dense populations, the Chalicodoma of the Pebbles is

no less sorely tried. My notes abound in cases such as the following: of the nine cells in one dome, three are occupied by the Anthrax, two by the Leucospis, two by the Stelis, one by the Chalcis and the ninth by the Mason. It is as though the four miscreants had joined forces for the massacre: the whole of the Bee's family has disappeared, all but one young mother saved from the disaster by her position in the centre of the citadel. I have sometimes stuffed my pockets with nests removed from their pebbles without finding a single one that has not been violated by one or other of the malefactors and oftener still by several at a time. It is almost an event for me to find a nest intact. After these funereal records, I am haunted by a gloomy thought: the weal of one means the woe of another.

The Misanthrope

By J. D. Beresford

I

Since I have returned from the rock and discussed the story in all its bearings, I have begun to wonder if the man made a fool of me. In the deeps of my consciousness I feel that he did not. Nevertheless, I cannot resist the effect of all the laughter that has been evoked by my narrative. Here on the mainland the whole thing seems unlikely, grotesque, foolish. On the rock the man's confession carried absolute conviction. The setting is everything; and I am, perhaps, thankful that my present circumstances are so beautifully conducive to sanity. No one appreciates the mystery of life more than I do; but when the mystery involves such a doubt of oneself, I find it pleasanter to forget. Naturally, I do not want to believe the story. If I did I should know myself to be some kind of human horror. And the terror of it all lies in the fact that I may never know precisely what kind. . . .

Before I went we had eliminated the facile and banal explanation that the man was mad, and had fallen back upon the two inevitable alternatives: Crime and Disappointed Love. We were human and romantic, and we tried desperately hard not to be too obvious.

Once before a man had made the same attempt and had built or tried to build a house on the Gulland rock; but he had been defeated within a fortnight, and what was left of his building was taken off the Island and turned into a tin church. It is there still. We all went to Trevone and ruminated over and round it, perhaps with some faint hope that one of us might, all-unknowing, have the abilities of a psychometrist.

Nothing came of that visit but a slight intensification of those theories that were already becoming a little stale. We compared the early failure of thirty years ago, the

attempt that was baffled, with the present success. For this new misanthrope had lived on the Gulland through the whole winter—and still lived. Indeed, the fact of his presence on that awful lump of rock was now accepted by the country people; to them he was scarcely a shade madder than the other visitors; that remunerative, recurrent host that this year broke their journey to Bedruthan in order to stand on Trevone beach and stare foolishly at the just visible hut that stuck like a cubical gall on the landward face of that humped, desolate island.

We all did that; stared at nothing in particular and meditated enormously; but in what I felt at the time was a wild spirit of adventure, I went out one night to the point of Gunver Head and saw an actual light within that distant hut; a patch of golden lichen on the mother parasite.

Some aspect of humanity I found in that light it was that finally decided me; that and some quality of sympathy, perhaps with the hermit—mad, criminal, or lovelorn?—who had found sanctuary from the pestilent touch of the encroaching crowd. It was, in fact, a wildish night, and I stayed until the little yellow speck went out, and all I could see through the murk was an occasional canopy of curving spray when the elbow of the Trevose Light touched a bare corner of that black Gulland.

The making of a decision was no difficult matter, but while I waited for the necessary calm that would permit the occasional boat to land provisions on the island two miles out from the mainland, I suffered qualms of doubt and nervousness. And I suffered them alone, for I had determined that no hint of my adventure should be given to any one of our party until the voyage had been made. They might think that I had gone fishing, an excuse which had all the air of probability given to it by the coming of the boatman to say that the tide and wind would serve that morning. I had warned—and bribed—him to give no clue to my friends of the goal of my proposed excursion.

My nervousness suffered no decrease as we approached the rock and saw the authentic figure of its single inhabitant awaiting our arrival. I had some consolation in the thought that he would be in some way prepared by the sight of our surprisingly passengered boat; but my mind

shuddered at the necessity for using some conventional form of address if I would make at once my introduction and excuse. The civilised opening was so hopelessly incapable of expressing my sympathy, presenting instead so unmistakably, it seemed to me, the single solution of common curiosity. I wondered that he had not—as the boatman so clearly assured me was the case—had other prying visitors before me.

My self-consciousness increased as we came nearer to the single opening among the spiked rocks, that served as a miniature harbour at half-tide. I felt that I was being watched by the man who now stood awaiting us at the water's edge. And suddenly my spirit broke, I decided that I could not force myself upon him, that I would remain in the boat while its cargo was delivered, and then return with the boatman to Trevone. So resolute was I in this plan that when we had pulled in to the tiny landing-place, I kept my gaze steadfastly averted from the man I had come to see, and stared solemnly out at the humped back of Trevose, seen now in an entirely new aspect.

The sound of the hermit's voice startled me from a perfectly genuine abstraction.

"Fairly decent weather to-day," he remarked with, I thought, a touch of nervousness. He had, I remembered, addressed the same remark to the boatmen, who were now conveying their cargo up to the hut.

I looked up and met his stare. He was, indeed, regarding me with a curious effect of concentration, as if he were eager to note every detail of my expression.

"Jolly," I replied. "Been pretty beastly the last day or two. Kept you rather short, hasn't it?"

"I make allowances for that," he said. "Keep a reserve, you know. Are you staying over there?" He nodded towards the bay.

"For a week or two," I told him, and we began to discuss the country around Harlyn with the eagerness of two strangers who find a common topic at a dull reception.

"Never been on the Gulland before, I suppose?" he ventured at last, when the boatmen had discharged their load and were evidently ready to be off.

"No, no, I haven't," I said, and hesitated. I felt that the invitation must come from him.

He boggled over it by saying, "Dashed awkward place to get to, and nothing to see, of course. I don't know if you're at all keen on fishing?"

"Rather," I said with enthusiasm.

"There's deep water on the other side of the rock," he went on. "In the right weather you get splendid bass there." He stopped and then added, "It'll be absolutely top hole for 'em, this afternoon."

"Perhaps I could come back . . ." I began; but the boatman interrupted me at once.

"Yew can coom back to-morrow, sure 'nough," he said. "Tide only serves wance avery twalve hours."

"If you'd care to stay, now . . ." began the hermit.

"Thanks! it's awfully good of you. I should like to of all things," I said.

I stayed on the clear understanding that the boatmen were to fetch me the next morning.

II

At first there was really very little that seemed in any way strange about the man on the Gulland. His name, he told me, was William Copley, but it appeared that he was no relation to the Copleys I knew. And if he had shaved he would have looked a very ordinary type of Englishman roughing it on a holiday. His age I judged to be between thirty and forty.

Only two things about him struck me as a little queer during our very successful afternoon's fishing. The first was that intense appraising stare of his, as if he tried to fathom the very depths of one's being. The second was an inexplicable devotion to one particular form of ceremony. As our intimacy grew, he dropped the ordinary formal politeness of a host; but he insisted always on one observance that I supposed at first to be the merely conventional business of giving precedence.

Nothing would induce him to go in front of me. He sent me ahead even as we explored the little purlieus of his rock—the only level square yard on the whole island was in the floor of the hut. But presently I noticed that this peculiarity went still further, and that he would not turn his back on me for a single moment.

That discovery intrigued one. I still excluded the explanation of madness—Copley's manner and conversation were so convincingly sane. But I reverted to and elaborated those other two suggestions that had been made. I could not avoid the inference that the man must in some strange way be afraid of me; and I hesitated as to whether he were flying from some form of justice or from revenge, perhaps a vendetta. Either theory seemed to account for his intense, appraising stare. I inferred that his longing for companionship had grown so strong that he had determined to risk the possibility of my being an emissary, sent by some—to me—exquisitely romantic person or persons who desired Copley's death. I recalled and wallowed in some of the marvellous imaginings of the novelist. I wondered if I could make Copley speak by convincing him of my innocent identity. How I thrilled at the prospect!

But the explanation of it all came without any effort on my part.

He sent me out of the hut while he prepared our supper—quite a magnificent meal, by the way. I saw his reason at once; he could not manage all that business of cooking and laying the table without turning his back on me. One thing, however, puzzled me a little; he drew down the blind of the little square window as soon as I had gone outside.

Naturally, I made no demur. I climbed down to the edge of the sea—it was a glorious evening—and waited until he called me. He stood at the door of the hut until I was within a few feet of him, and then retreated into the room and sat down with his back to the wall.

We discussed our afternoon's sport as we had supper, but when we had finished and our pipes were going, he said, suddenly:

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you."

Like a fool, I agreed eagerly, when I might so easily have stopped him. . . .

"It began when I was quite a kid," he said. "My mother found me crying in the garden; and all I could tell her was that Claude, my elder brother, looked 'horrid.' I couldn't bear the sight of him for days afterwards, either; but I was such a perfectly normal child that they weren't seriously perturbed about this one idiosyncrasy of mine.

They thought that Claude had 'made a face' at me, and frightened me. My father whacked me for it eventually.

"Perhaps that whacking stuck in my mind. Anyway, I didn't confide my peculiarity to anyone until I was nearly seventeen. I was ashamed of it, of course. I am still—in a way."

He stopped and looked down, pushed his plate away from him, and folded his arms on the table. I was pining to ask a question, but I was afraid to interrupt. And after a moment's hesitation he looked up and held my gaze again, but now without that inquiring look of his. Rather, he seemed to be looking for sympathy.

"I told my house-master," he said. "He was a splendid chap, and he was very decent about it; took it all quite seriously and advised me to consult an oculist, which I did. I went in the holidays with the pater—I had given him a more reasonable account of my trouble—and he took me to the best man in London. He was tremendously interested, and it proves that there must be something in it, that it can't be imagination, because he really found a defect in my eyes, something quite new to him, he said. He called it a new form of astigmatism; but, of course, as he pointed out, no glasses would be any use to me."

"But what . . . ?" I began, unable to keep down my curiosity any longer.

Copley hesitated, and dropped his eyes. "Astigmatism, you know," he said, "is a defect—I quote the dictionary, I learned that definition by heart; I often puzzle over it still —'causing images of lines having a certain direction to be indistinctly seen, while those of lines transverse to the former are distinctly seen.' Only mine is peculiar in the fact that my sight is perfectly normal except when I look back at anyone over my shoulder." He looked up, almost pathetically. I could see that he hoped I might understand without further explanation.

I had to confess myself utterly mystified. What had this trifling defect of vision to do with his coming to live on the Gulland, I wondered.

I frowned my perplexity. "But I don't see . . ." I said.

He knocked out his pipe and began to scrape the bowl with his pocket-knife. "Well, mine is a kind of moral

astigmatism, too," he said. "At least, it gives me a kind of moral insight. I'm afraid I must call it insight. I've proved in some cases that . . ." He dropped his voice. He was apparently deeply engrossed in the scraping out of his pipe. He kept his eyes on it as he continued.

"Normally, you understand, when I look at people straight in the face, I see them as anybody else sees them. But when I look back at them over my shoulder I see . . . oh! I see all their vices and defects. Their faces remain, in a sense, the same, perfectly recognisable, I mean, but distorted—beastly. . . . There was my brother Claude—good-looking chap, he was—but when I saw him . . . that way . . . he had a nose like a parrot, and he looked sort of weakly voracious . . . and vicious." He stopped and shuddered slightly, and then added: "And one knows, now, that he is like that, too. He's just been hammered on the Stock Exchange. Rotten sort of failure it was. . . .

"And then Denison, my house-master, you know; such a decent chap. I never looked at him, that way, until the end of my last term at school. I had got into the habit, more or less, of never looking over my shoulder, you see. But I was always getting caught. That was an instance. I was playing for the School against the Old Boys. Denison called out, 'Good luck, old chap,' just as I was going in, and I forgot and looked back at him. . . ."

I waited, breathless, and as he did not go on, I prompted him with "Was he . . . 'wrong,' too?"

Copley nodded. "Weak, poor devil. His eyes were all right, but they were fighting his mouth, if you know what I mean. There would have been an awful scandal at the school there, four years after I left, if they hadn't hushed it up and got Denison out of the country.

"Then, if you want any more instances, there was the oculist—big, fine chap, he was. Of course, he made me look at him over my shoulder, to test me. He asked me what I saw, and I told him, more or less. He went simply livid for a moment. He was a sensualist, you see; and when I saw him that way he looked like some filthy old hog.

"The thing that really finished me," he went on, after a long interval, "was the breaking off of my engagement to Helen. We were frightfully in love with one another, and I told her about my trouble. She was very sym-

pathetic, and I suppose rather sentimentally romantic, too. She believed it was some sort of spell that had been put on me. I think, anyway, she had a theory that if I once saw anybody truly and ordinarily over my shoulder, I should never have any more trouble—the spell-would-be-broken sort of thing. And, of course, *she* wanted to be the person. I didn't resist her much. I was infatuated, I suppose. Anyway, I thought she was perfection and that it was simply impossible that I could find any defect in her. So I agreed, and looked—that way. . . ."

His voice had fallen to an even note of despondency, as though the telling of this final tragedy in his life had brought him to the indifference of despair. "I looked," he continued, "and saw a creature with no chin and watery, doting eyes; a faithful, slobbery thing—eugh! I can't. . . . I never spoke to her again. . . ."

"That broke me, you know," he said presently. "After that I didn't care. I used to look at everyone that way, until I had to get away from humanity. I was living in a world of beasts. Most of them looked like some beast or bird or other. The strong were vicious and criminal; and the weak were loathsome. I couldn't stick it. In the end—I had to come here away from them all."

A thought occurred to me. "Have you ever looked at yourself in the glass?" I asked.

He nodded. "I'm no better than the rest of them," he said. "That's why I grew this rotten beard. I haven't got a looking-glass here."

"And you can't keep a stiff neck, as it were," I asked, "going about looking humanity straight in the face?"

"The temptation is too strong," Copley said. "And it gets stronger. Curiosity, partly, I suppose; but partly it's the momentary sense of superiority it gives you. You see them like that, you know, and forget how you look yourself. And then after a bit it sickens you."

"You haven't . . ." I said, and hesitated. I wanted to know, and yet I was horribly afraid. "You haven't," I began again, "er—you haven't—er—looked at me yet . . . that way?"

"Not yet," he said.

"Do you suppose . . . ?"

"Probably. You look all right, of course. But then so did heaps of the others."

"You've no idea *how* I should look to you, that way?"

"Absolutely none. I've been trying to guess, but I can't."

"You wouldn't care . . . ?"

"Not now," he said sharply. "Perhaps, just before you go."

"You feel fairly certain, then . . . ?"

He nodded with disgusting conviction.

I went to bed, wondering whether Helen's theory wasn't a true one; and if I might not break the spell for poor Copley.

III

The boatmen came for me soon after eleven next morning.

I had shaken off some of the feeling of superstitious horror that had held me overnight, and I had not repeated my request to Copley; nor had he offered to look into the dark places of my soul.

He came down after me to the landing-place and we shook hands warmly, but he said nothing about my re-visiting him.

And then, just as we were putting off, he turned back towards the hut and looked at me over his shoulder—just one quick glance.

"Wait," I commanded the boatmen, and I stood up and called to him.

"I say, Copley," I shouted.

He turned and looked at me, and I saw his face was transfigured. He wore an expression of foolish disgust and loathing. I had seen something like it on the face of an idiot child who was just going to be sick.

I dropped down into the boat and turned my back on him.

I wondered then if that was how he had seen himself in the glass.

But since I have only wondered what it was he saw in me. . . .

And I can never go back to ask him.

My Visit to Auber

By Francis Grierson

At the appointed time for my visit to Auber, Samuel David called for me at the Grand Hotel. A short walk brought us to the rue Bergère and the Conservatoire. On learning that the Director could not receive us for some twenty minutes or more, David conducted me into the court. It was rectangular, as if in keeping with some strange combination of music and mathematics.

My guide looked at me with that air of mingled self-complacency and bland cynicism peculiar to his temperament, and began to prepare me for the presence of the most feared and most respected musical celebrity of Paris, the octogenarian Auber, whose jokes, *bons mots*, and persiflage were almost as famous as his operas, and whose compositions had for upwards of sixty years represented the national spirit of French music. I was informed that Auber had been Director of the Conservatoire for the extraordinary period of twenty-nine years; that, besides being the most celebrated French composer living, his wit and humour were as spontaneous and perennial as his music; and that, all things considered, he was a very wonderful man. And I found it all true; for now if I were asked to name the most typical Frenchman I ever met I should not hesitate to name Auber. He was the embodiment of the spontaneity, the vivacity, and the genius of the French character of that epoch. He put into his music what Beranger had put into French poetry.

Samuel David, after a good deal of talk about the Conservatoire, said:

"This courtyard is not gay."

"No," I remarked; "it is enough to put a damper on the aspirations of any novice coming here in search of harmony and inspiration."

"Ah," he said, "the Conservatoire itself is one of the

gayest and most amusing places in Paris. No one dies of *ennui* here, although one or two have had endings that were tragic enough."

Just then I heard sounds of the tuning of stringed instruments, and David remarked:

"At present you will hear a curious confusion of noises which you will find the reverse of musical; it is about this time the *charivari* begins."

And, effectively, it was beginning. From a window at our right the sounds of viols sent forth gruntings that were answered by high squeaks from fiddles in another room; here and there could be heard the quacking of clarionets, the piping of flutes, the rumbling of the violoncello, the bleating of the hautbois, and over all the high note of an incipient prima donna, or a young man with a cold trying to reach an impossible pitch.

It required no great powers of imagination to form a mental picture of all the lunatics in Paris assembled here for a grand operatic rehearsal. Samuel David, seeing my surprise, recounted a joke uttered by Auber in this same courtyard not long before.

The Director was escorting a distinguished visitor through the surprises of the Conservatoire, and when they had got to the middle of this court the visitor halted to listen, bewildered with the bedlam of conflicting sounds, when all at once a terrible cry came from one of the windows in front of them. Auber, always on the alert for a jest, tapped his visitor on the shoulder with the reassuring remark:

"Don't be alarmed, it's the bleeding hour; they are only taking a few ounces from a tenor. It will be the turn of the basso next; he was at a banquet last night, and they will take at least half a pint from him"; at which the visitor, more bewildered than ever, looked what he could not speak. Then he added, with a malicious twinkle in his brown eyes: "No, this is not a slaughter-house; we only tame them here. The slaughtering occurs when they make their *début*."

At last, after waiting for more than half an hour, we went upstairs and were shown into the Director's reception-room. I found myself in the presence of the greatest little man I ever encountered. Not that he looked distinguished.

He might have passed for an old-clothes man had he been dressed somewhat differently. He was in his eighty-sixth year, and looked about sixty. His face had that look of calm contentment that only comes with years of success and established authority.

He received me with mingled affability and indifference. His questions were abrupt, matter-of-fact, much as if I had come to take his measure for a suit of clothes or to talk about the price of stocks. I had not been in the room more than two or three minutes when he asked me to take my seat at the piano and improvise. Had he asked me to stand on my head it would have been just the same. The small upright instrument looked about as old as the little nonchalant don't-care-a-fiddlestick Director, and I pictured to myself an auction mart, with the piano-stool a weighing machine, with an indicator pointing now to fair, now to middling, now to good, or very good, and I could only think of the words: "This pig weighs so many pounds, so many ounces"; or, "This gift horse has had his mouth examined; I have seen worse horses given away and end by winning the Grand Prix."

I was so filled with the humour of the situation that I ceased playing and asked to be excused from further effort. I became absorbed in the personality of the Director, who seemed greatly puzzled.

"What can I say?" he remarked to David.

I did not shrink from hearing his judgment; on this question my mind was a blank. After some moments' reflection he added:

"You see, this is a special talent. You remember that young man, Jules Guerin, from Marseilles? No, you don't remember him; it was during Cherubini's directorship. Well, young Guerin could only play by ear, but this young man"—alluding to me—"does not imitate, he improvises; and you tell me he has never been able to learn music. It is very curious. We have never had such a pupil here. With him, music must be altogether intuitional. You know yourself, as an old pupil of the Conservatoire, that we have no rules here for intuition."

"Precisely," said David; "I only desire to have your opinion. His place in the musical world is quite exceptional; he not only cannot master the rules of harmony,

but he cannot even read music at sight, and he tells me he has given up trying to learn."

"Ah!" exclaimed Auber, "c'est tout à fait extraordinaire!"—and he looked at me as if in the short interval I had grown horns and might become formidable. But when David said: "What is still more curious, he comes of an unmusical family," the good Director simply sat down and looked at me, while he muttered to himself: "C'est incroyable!"

"What he has played here to-day is insignificant compared to what I have heard him play elsewhere."

This remark brought Auber out of his reverie.

"I know very well," he said, "this is not the place for the full expression of a talent like that. Come to *déjeuner* with me to-morrow; then the young man will feel more at ease, and his music, I am certain, will be very different."

Auber lived in his own house, 24 rue Saint-Georges. When we arrived there on the following day an octogenarian concierge directed us to the floor above, where we were told a *valet de chambre* would usher us into the presence of the great man.

Samuel David rang, and the door was opened by a wrinkled and frigid valet with the air of a mannikin and as old as the concierge. He gave us an icy reception. He did not take the trouble to announce our names, but told us to go ahead unannounced as if we were on our way to commit suicide; but, in spite of our frigid reception at the door, we found Auber awaiting us and in the best of humour.

We were soon seated at table, and another servant made his appearance—older, if possible, than any we had yet seen, and I became aware that I was in a habitation of walking shadows. Auber had five domestics, the youngest, whom he called the baby, being the coachman, who was seventy-five, and the Director told us this coachman had only been thirty-five years in his service. Auber must have guessed what our thoughts were, for he playfully alluded to his domestics several times during the meal.

"You eat very little, cher maître," remarked David.

"I find one meal a day sufficient," was Auber's reply; and I thought to myself, "That is all that is necessary to keep so contented a spirit in so small a body."

While sitting at the table I began to get away from the Paris of the last days of the Second Empire. My imagination went back to the time when the old young man with the placid wrinkles and brown eyes must have heard people talk of the tragic ending of Louis XVI. and the passing of Robespierre, Auber being about ten years of age at the time of the latter occurrence. He had a vivid recollection of the advent of Bonaparte, the scenes following the battle of Waterloo, the return of the Bourbons, and the Revolution of 1830. He had lived under two emperors, four kings, and two presidents; had been an eye-witness of the entrance of the Allied Armies into Paris; had experienced the joys, pageants, thrills, illusions, and disillusions of four social epochs; and there he sat as full of life as ever, a living embodiment of the romance and vitality of a typical Parisian, for he refused to leave Paris even for a day. There he sat, this man who was used to all the luxuries of the table, eating a plain omelet, waited on by servants who might have been phantoms from the past, he the only one there with a young heart and a fertile imagination.

But he was not master in his own house. The forbidding old valet was his master.

"Let them come the day after to-morrow," he would say in a surly tone; "we cannot receive them to-morrow." To which Auber would reply, without a tinge of ill-humour: "Very well, let it be after to-morrow."

This valet stood behind Auber during the *déjeuner* like some apparition at a banquet, as if to remind the composer of his age and compel him to direct his wits to the irreparable past and his imagination to the inevitable future. But nothing could mar the placid live-by-the-day existence of this wonderful man.

Auber and Rossini had been great friends. The Director had much to say about the composer of "William Tell," whose funeral he had witnessed in the company of Samuel David the previous November.

"Alas! they are all passing away," he said to David at the funeral; "after Meyerbeer it is Rossini, next it will be the turn of poor Thomas."

The amusing part of this remark consisted in the fact that Auber was twenty-nine years older than Ambroise

Thomas, who was at that moment enjoying the best of health.

On another occasion someone remarked that the composer of "Mignon" seemed much changed of late, when Auber replied:

"Thomas never changes; he was born changed."

The conversation turned on Rossini and his superstitions.

"Do you know," said Auber, "when I was in Rossini's company I always felt the influence of his superstitions. This Italian could do nothing without the aid of his charms to avert the influence of the Evil-eye. A few days before the representation of my opera, 'Le Premier Jour de Bonheur,' I found myself in the company of Rossini, looking at the crowd skating on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne. I asked one of my lady friends who was there why she was not skating. She jokingly replied that she would not consent to run such a risk unless I accompanied her on the ice. I was just putting on my skates, when Rossini took me by the arm and cried:

"'Unfortunate man! What if you have a fall just on the eve of the first night of your new opera?'

"'You are right,' I replied. 'I shall take no risks on the ice until after the *première*.'

"Rossini then began to tell us strange stories about the Comte de G . . . and his Evil-eye, and some of the curious incidents brought about by this, when we suddenly discovered the Comte walking towards the lake, accompanied by the Duc d'A . . ., who was another jettatura.

"'Heaven preserve us!' cried Rossini, 'let no one venture on the ice now,' at the same time clutching the coral horns that hung on his watch-chain.

"Hardly had he finished the words when we heard a loud cracking of the ice in the middle of the lake, where hundreds of people were skating. Several persons sank to the bottom. . . . My lady friend fainted, and Rossini assisted me in getting her into my *coupé*, when we drove away. As for Rossini, he found it impossible to quit the place fast enough. This same lady was invited to dine with him some days later, and all through the dinner he talked of nothing but the Evil-eye, his horror of Friday, and the number thirteen. Nothing could induce him to

invite anyone to luncheon or dinner on a Friday. You know Saturday was his day. He then had company at both meals."

"But his miserable wife, Olympe, spoiled everything," remarked David. "The last time I dined there the macaroni was so good that I asked for more, when she cried out, 'Why, I thought you had been served.'"

"Ah," said Auber, the expression on his face being impossible to describe, "you didn't know the trick."

"What was it?"

"To dine before the dinner."

David listened attentively.

"Once, at a time when I ate much more than I do now," continued Auber, "I was invited to a big dinner-party at Rossini's, and I knew from experience the larger the company the less one would get to eat. What did I do? I stepped into Bignon's about six o'clock and ordered a *consommé velours*, to be followed by a succulent *biftek*. Just as I arrived at Bignon's I saw someone enter the establishment whose figure seemed familiar. It was Ambroise Thomas. He gave me a look of despair. 'What,' I cried, 'you are due at Rossini's for dinner at seven, and here you are in a restaurant!' Poor Thomas was the picture of a comedian when he hears some grave news, his face full of unutterable woe. I came to his relief by saying, 'I, too, am on my way to Rossini's for dinner, so we'll dine here together before we give Olympe the satisfaction of starving us.' Even then Thomas hardly knew what to say. I burst out laughing. You know his habitual melancholy. 'Ah, ah,' he stammered at last, 'but what will Rossini say, what will everyone say, if this gets out?'

"When we had eaten sufficient at Bignon's we went to Rossini's, where all was ready for dinner. I noticed among the guests more than one big eater, and you know how Olympe detested such people. She took a delight in giving them bones. When the pheasant was passed round, I had my eye on a guest who I knew had a horror of bones. Olympe had placed him exactly where he would be most likely to get the pickings of any game there might be. Now, if he disliked one thing more than wings it was legs, and he was offered a leg.

"One day four of us determined to play her a trick which would, perhaps, serve her as a lesson. We arranged to dine well at Bignon's, so as to leave us all without the possibility of an appetite for dinner at Rossini's. Seven o'clock found us seated in Rossini's dining-room in the best of spirits, certain of one evening's amusement at the expense of the amiable Olympe. We made a pretence of eating. We talked while some of the others were trying in vain to appease good appetites, and it was not long before the watchful hostess began to suspect something was wrong. Seeing how intrigued she was, we became gayer and gayer, and with the aid of some of Rossini's wine we ended by having one of the most amusing evenings we ever spent in the whole course of our lives. Olympe could not account for our gaiety, considering that we had eaten so little, but at last she must have suspected the truth, for during the next few weeks she gave her guests more to eat; but she soon returned to the old tricks, and the *mot d'ordre* became general among the knowing ones: always dine before dining with Rossini.

"One of our professors used to send Rossini a present of royans, those delicious sardines that come from Bordeaux; you know they cannot be had here. Rossini requested him not to send the royans on a Saturday, as that was the day he had company at both meals, and he preferred eating the sardines alone. He gave one to Olympe, eating the other eleven himself."

"He was extraordinary!" exclaimed David.

"He was just as amusing as his music was delightful."

During the last years of Rossini's life it was said in Paris that there were two courts—one presided over by the Empress at the Tuileries, the other by Rossini at his *salon*. His genius, his wit, his inextinguishable humour were such that nothing could mar the fascination of his *soirées*, and artists, writers, musicians, and singers forgot or overlooked the proverbial meanness of what people called his *harpie*.

The conversation turned on the inevitable quarrels and jealousies of composers and musicians. Hector Berlioz, that wonderful musician, who died on March 9th, 1869, was discussed.

For a long time the compositions of Berlioz were

regarded by many French composers and critics as the music of a madman. The same thing was said of the symphonies of Beethoven and the music-dramas of Wagner. Composers and critics quarrelled among themselves like so many cats and dogs. Words fail to give an adequate notion of the malice and fury displayed by the different factions. Wagner opposed Meyerbeer, Berlioz opposed Wagner, while Halévy and Auber were regarded as the *bêtes noires* of Berlioz. Liszt, the only musician among them with a level head and a sort of innate cosmopolitan musical culture, did his best to make the works of Berlioz known in Austria and Germany while trying to make the genius of Wagner familiar to the French. Liszt had the true *flair* in everything pertaining to musical originality.

Auber, continuing the conversation, said:

"You know Grillparzer's *mot*? 'Berlioz is a genius without talent.'"

"And I heard Berlioz declare that Rossini had a pretty talent but no genius," remarked David.

"Berlioz expected the Emperor to appoint him director of music at the Tuileries, but I was appointed instead, and he never forgave me," said Auber. "I think," he continued, after a moment, "that Paganini helped more than Liszt to make Berlioz known. Paganini, as d'Ortigue says in his book, united in himself all sorts of glory; he was not satisfied with being a great musician and composer, *artiste créateur*; in presenting Berlioz with twenty thousand francs the prince of virtuosos made his name immortal. He gave Berlioz the means of working in peace and quiet for the space of three years. Paganini, after hearing a fine performance of Berlioz's 'Harold' symphony, declared that never in his life had he been so moved. He took Berlioz by the arm and led him forward before the orchestra and on his knees kissed the hands of Berlioz.

"'Beethoven is dead,' cried Paganini, 'but he lives again in Berlioz!'"

After that people began to talk about the music of Berlioz.

Speaking to some of the pupils at the Conservatoire, Auber said of a certain young lady whose nose was pointed and long, and who persisted in singing false, "If her

hearing was as long as her nose, she would be a great success." He made the remark that he thought fewer eccentric pupils were to be seen at the Conservatoire than formerly. David having brought up the subject of the tragic end of a young creole named Bartholomeo, who was a pupil in Allard's class, Auber, who was well acquainted with all the details, said:

"There were some years when the Conservatoire seemed to be given over to pupils who refused to be influenced or governed by any rules of classical art. The worst case of the kind was that of the unfortunate creole Bartholomeo. Allard had hopes of making Bartholomeo a great violinist, and began by letting him have his own way in many things, believing that he would settle down to work and imitate only the best examples. However, he was rudely disappointed. Bartholomeo began by astonishing his teacher and all the members of the class by his amazing execution. He did what he pleased with his violin. He played according to his own notions; he created his own rules. He was like so many others who mistake eccentricity for genius. He was stubborn beyond any pupil we ever had. Allard said it was like trying to tame a musical tiger. He got it into his head that he was a second Paganini. He spoiled the most beautiful melodies by his absurd additions, ridiculous variations, the most *outré* combinations of double chords, an incessant vibrato, a perpetual reaching for the highest notes. He was Allard's *bête noire*. The unhappy professor came to me complaining that he was at his wits' end with the incorrigible Bartholomeo. What Allard feared most was that his crazy pupil would leave the Conservatoire one day and announce himself as a graduate. Things got so bad that Allard was kept awake at night trying to devise means to tame his pupil. He asked me to hear him play and judge for myself. Before the creole had played a dozen bars I saw his case was hopeless.

"We all liked Bartholomeo; he was a good boy, but, as you see, he refused to learn. Examination day was drawing near, and this is what Bartholomeo decided on doing: he practised his *morceau de concours* for several weeks, secretly in his own room at his lodgings, not in the way Allard had taught him, but after his own fantastic notions. He changed everything—movement, measure,

expression, execution, adding double chords, *points d'orgues*, and all sorts of tricks and impossible additions until the original *morceau* was hardly recognisable.

"I was in the presidential *loge* on the day of the *concours*, and was prepared to hear something bizarre in the way of violin-playing, but I was not prepared for what I heard then. Shortly after Bartholomeo began to play I could hear ominous whispers among the other pupils, and then from time to time ironical applause—all of which served to render the creole more and more *exalté*, more and more fantastic. I looked at poor Allard, whose face was that of a martyr. How was it possible for a pupil to play his master such a trick, and in full hearing of all the pupils and professors?

"Long before Bartholomeo ceased to play some of the pupils laughed and clapped their hands, while the violinist smiled with delight, thinking he was carrying all before him. When he ceased playing he felt certain he would carry off the *premier prix*; he had accepted the general hilarity for an expression of unanimous approval. When the time came for the jury to decide, there was an ominous hush. I think I never saw an audience in such a state of suspense and agitation. You know how it is yourself at the Conservatoire at such a time, but you never saw anything like the scene that followed. It seemed as if the jury would never return, but at last I received their verdict. I called Monsieur Lamoureux, and he stepped forward and received the *premier prix*. The unfortunate Bartholomeo, who was standing among the other pupils feverishly awaiting the verdict, seized the first string of his violin and broke it. I then had to announce the second *prix*, and no sooner had I done so than he broke another string of his violin. Imagine the state of the pupils by this time! I next had to announce the *premier accessit*, and hardly had I mentioned the name of Monsieur Gros than snap went the third string of Bartholomeo's violin. Even now he did not despair. I called out the winner of the second *accessit*, and snap went the fourth and last string. It was my business to speak for the jury, and I named the third *accessit*. Amidst a silence too horrible to describe, poor Bartholomeo raised his leg and broke his violin across his knee.

"He returned to his lodgings in the rue Notre-Dame de Lorette, and died of brain fever three days later."

We sat a long time at table, and at last Samuel David remarked it was perhaps the time for me to take my seat at the piano, but Auber said:

"There is no hurry. You know how artistes dislike playing after eating. Let us go upstairs and look at my costumes, since you have expressed a desire to see them; by that time your *protégé* will feel in a better mood for music."

David had heard much gossip about Auber's astounding wardrobe at the top of the house. Everything here was a revelation to me. On the way upstairs my head was filled with thoughts of a past I had not witnessed, of people I had never seen, and it was hard to believe that I was living under the Second Empire and not under the Directoire or the doubly old-fashioned age of Louis XVIII., when some of the customs and manners of the reign of Louis XVI. were revived and kept green till the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848.

Just before we reached the top I noticed a ghost-like figure moving slowly along the corridor like an apparition disturbed in its solitude, so old that it gave me the impression of being older than the house, older than the ancient furniture in the house, older than the First Empire and the reign of all the Louis; for the figure impressed me as belonging to a thousand remote souvenirs too strange and personal for utterance among the living inhabitants of the new Paris. The figure disappeared from view as we arrived at the last step, and without the slightest noise a door closed behind it. It was Auber's oldest servant. After having seen *it*, Auber resembled a vivacious pierrot, quite in keeping with Baron Haussmann's modern boulevards.

But I had yet to be initiated into the secrets of the dress department of the composer's life and work. He opened a door, and we stood in a large, desolate room hung round on all sides with the different costumes he had worn from the year 1808 to 1869. The look on David's face was one of absolute bewilderment. For some moments I was so absorbed in it that I was on the point of missing some of Auber's comments. There was nothing in the room but

suits of old clothes; there were upwards of one hundred and fifty costumes and hats, including all the fashions from the reign of Napoleon I. down to the last years of Napoleon III. The sight was unique. But far more interesting still were the dates, comments, reflections, contained in a special note pasted on each costume, these reflections reading like the leaves torn from some old chronicle of romantic love and adventure.

Had Auber been a literary musician, like Berlioz and Wagner, he would have left us in possession of a series of souvenirs which might have rivalled the Memoirs of Chateaubriand. One thing made this room a room of wonders: it represented the dead past of a man who was very much alive, absolutely contented, full of humour, witty repartee, and irony, a man who had achieved one of his greatest successes when long past his eightieth year, and was even now at work on a new opera. No flattery could turn his head, no success could make him arrogant; seventy years of hard work and good humour had left his heart and mind unchanged—in one word, he presented the extraordinary sight of a man who had spent all his life in the gayest city in the world without having become *blasé*.

Asked by the Empress Eugénie one evening at the Tuileries if he did not regret never having married, Auber replied:

"No, Madame, and less to-day than ever, seeing that Madame Auber would now be in her eightieth year."

Rossini and Auber were the gayest and wittiest of the composers; Cherubini, Berlioz, and Ambroise Thomas were habitually melancholy and often morose.

We now went downstairs to the *salon* where Auber would sit in judgment on my improvisations, and where I felt certain there would be neither flattery on the one hand nor canting criticism on the other. I took my seat at the piano, feeling as much at home as I would among old friends.

At last, after having played for more than an hour, with my judge walking about or sitting, as the humour took him, Auber began his comments on my improvisations.

"What this young man needs most, like all beginners, is *la pondération*. I advise him to proceed slowly. Whoever tries to control his playing will fail; there is no system

by which improvisation can be taught. I hope he will control his art, and not let impulse control him. He should never try to learn; if he does, he may become a conventional pianist. Have you warned him about invitations that will pour in from all sorts of people? I know how it was in my case. The great trick will be to invite him to dinner and expect him to pay for it in music. We have all been through that phase. Liszt told an Austrian princess he did not feel disposed to play since he had eaten very little of her dinner, and Chopin had a way of his own in dealing with them; but Vieuxtemps played a good joke on the Duchesse de D . . ., who wrote asking him to dine in strict intimacy with her family, and to be sure to bring his violin. Vieuxtemps replied that he was sorry he could not accept as he had a previous engagement, but he would send his violin instead.

"One evening I saw Schulhoff in a rage when asked by Madame Rossini to play after dinner. Paris is a good school."

After this *déjeuner* invitations to dinner arrived in such numbers that I had to have the advice of friends in dealing with them. It seemed as if all the brilliant and gifted women of continental Europe resided in Paris under the Second Empire. The *salon* of the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte was a greater centre of attraction for writers and artists than that of the Tuileries; the Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, wielded a social power greater than that of many crowned heads; while the beautiful Russian Princess Sophia Troubetskoi became the wife of the Duc de Morny, half-brother of the Emperor. More than twenty years later I again met this *grande dame*, who had now become the wife of the Spanish Duke de Sesto, with a palace at Madrid that rivalled in splendour and beauty the most romantic scenes in the *Arabian Nights*. It was at a special recital I gave in honour of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, and I seemed once more to be passing through some of the wonderful scenes of the Empire.

Our Little Marriage

By Chris Massie

I

It is springtime. The cottage window cuts my share of it out of the sky—a blue and white panorama of exquisite contrast; and then I have beside my bed a cup of golden crocuses.

That is all my springtime as it appears to those who know I am dying—who come casually, like the doctor and the village people. Good folk! they pity me; but there is much more reason for me to pity them. My blue and white window, and cup of golden crocuses, are not all I know about the spring, for in reality I have never possessed a springtime as I do this one. My window gives me the Greek heroes in melting marble, deep blue unfathomable seas, great snow-covered mountains, and castles such as never looked down with like romance on the valley of the Rhine.

It is the dying man who lives most acutely. Here are my golden crocuses; but in imagination I see the violet and white ones, delicately veined with purple, and sheltered each with a dozen olive-green spears—the crowns of potentates and princes each with its guard of honour.

I know the sun. I know the sea. The wind and the soft, holy rain. The quick pant of light, the sudden pulse of shadow. I know these. I know them, not with the outward knowledge of artistic appreciation, but with the inward knowledge of spiritual recognition. Nature is less marvellous than she was to me—nature is closer, more sympathetic—her simplicity seems to make plain the intricacies of the soul and grant peace.

Peace . . . Only dying men feel peace. Only dying men know how to live. To wake, as I do, at the stirring of the moon—her silent presence, her soft, silvery garments

gliding through the room, and passing, as it seems, out of the door! That is peace. And to wake again to catch the sun in pursuit—his rosy sandals following her little, white, naked feet till he, too, is gone. That also is peace. There is a touching spiritual humour about it that only dying men understand. . . .

I hear the birds at dawn. That, too, is full of merriment. In the old days of struggle and adversity, the birds only broke the silence of sleep; now they fill the silence of wakefulness—not with music, but laughter.

I have "the intimate sense of things"—a clear-sighted vision. I know what sails are shifting on the sea, what words are on the lips of the young sailors, what love is in their hearts.

I know these things because it is springtime, and because I, too, am one who loves. . . .

II

This silent room and your still presence, my Clare. . . .

The gradual falling of a tress till it is able to kiss your cheek, the quick motion of your hand replacing it; again the falling of a tress, and this time the little truant is suffered to remain. I watch these things.

I still feel your hands. I feel the warmth of your dear young breast. You have given life the last blessing of divine simplicity.

I love all your roses in the sunshine, yes, and I love all your lilies in the shade. I love your lips for their kisses, and I love your lips for their kindness. I love them for this afternoon, and I love them for to-night. I love them for their new purpose to encourage me, and I love them for their new passion to suffice me. I love you for a love so comprehensive.

I bless you, sitting there in the fire-glow! Did I suffer in the dead gone days? I do not remember it much. My pleading, weak, pitiful love! I remember it only as one remembers a delicate child that died in infancy. . . .

But there has always been this mystery about me—this *you*. I trace it back to my cradle. I saw it in my mother's eyes—I felt it in my mother's hand when she laid it on my forehead. It was in all the brilliant books I read, in

all the wondrous things I saw—in the sea, in the sun, in silence and in song. It was in the smile of other lips, in the wisdom of other women. In the darkness that brings stars, and in the dawn that quenches them. In dreams and sudden impulses—this mystery of me—and *you*.

III

I do not know whether these brief occasional papers will ever be published. My first thought is that Clare should have something left of me for herself when the pen ceases. . . .

Perhaps the unusual circumstances of "our little marriage" may be helpful and interesting to some few others. I do not know. I have never written for "the public," and this is scarcely the hour to make a beginning. The grace of one or two influential literary friends have kept me evenly employed on that unpopular thing called "literature."

M—— was good enough to say once that my work was "as soul is to body in these days of journalistic hash." But I do not think I found the public that wanted me—the shy people who wander away and get lost in the middle of last century.

Literature is not for the multitude. It is the cult of cranks and old fogies—the odds and ends of humanity.

I wonder how many people have read Walter Pater? Yes, I understand he had what is called "a vogue" at the beginning of this century. Editions *de luxe* were certainly bought by the middle class and placed reverently next to Oscar Wilde in the library. But Pater is too much for Oxford or Cambridge. The cultured ignorance of Kensington and Maida Vale may "stock" him like booksellers; nevertheless, Pater is above them, except in the lozenge form of popular quotation. For instance, that sublimity worn to a platitude—his dream picture of the rapturous Mona Lisa. How many high school girls can quote that! . . .

He who would be master of letters, and not a mere literary man, must cast his bread upon the waters, and if it returns to him after many days, he may count himself fortunate.

IV

I find it difficult to bring myself to any detailed explanation of the cause which led up to "our little marriage." Such explanation involves more than a casual reference to my illness, and I have determined in these last papers not to suffer anything in the form of prognostic morbidity, for though I have no fear of death as a purely personal issue, I do not think it wise, or even decent, to number all the nerves of my body and show step by step the failing of my powers.

I am with the respectable class in affirming that there is such a thing as "bad taste," though, for the most part, I should differ from them in my choice of what is bad. . . .

The circumstances of "our little marriage" are these. Just a year ago we were engaged. At that time I was feeling heartily well, and prospects were bright with a thousand pounds near us in the bank, and plenty of decent, well-paid work.

Of course, we had a "vision." No battling with circumstances, no monotony of daily routine, or the growth of scepticism round other mundane matters, can quite destroy the lover's vision. It was a cottage we wanted—a cottage in solitude, next to the sea and near the sky. Clare, with all a woman's devotion, had convinced herself that Fleet Street was doing me harm, so she wrought up this dream of great quietness, and round it we fought all our battles.

Then came the fatal stroke. I fell sick for the first time in my life, and gradually I got the information that I could not live.

For three days I kept the information secret. What those three days were to me of insufferable agony, only those in like circumstance can appreciate. At last I broke faith with myself and told Clare. . . .

V

I think we misjudge women. Perhaps the mere phrasing of that sentence—the doubt associated with "I think"—proves very conclusively that we do. All men in their wisdom have a preconceived idea of what a woman will do in given circumstances, and though they are scarcely

ever right, they quite easily return to the same audacious assumption.

Any man is much more easily defined than the first woman you meet, be she lady or country wench. There is no "eternal feminine" in the mechanical application of the phrase, but there certainly is an "eternal masculine" in the mechanical application of the phrase. Of that I feel sure.

VI

It is outside my purpose to give any details of what precisely happened to us both when we stood, as it seemed, between time and eternity facing the inevitable.

It was Clare who first decided that we should have our marriage in spite of it all. In spite of how much! We had discussed eugenics with the pathetic enthusiasm of young people who are over-anxious to do the thing well. We had settled on what kind of children we were going to have and how many. Long, loving hours were spent over our unborn babes—giving them the best of educations in the sobering light of many a summer's evening. We would not marry under any conditions save those of health, honour, and wisdom! . . .

I remember with what feverish haste we talked to one another on that night of nights in August. We baffled each other with words of entreaty, interrogation, surmise—our voices mingled in anxious inquiry for a way back to the world of vital substance, but finding there nothing but shadows, our voices grew faint and we could speak no more.

Some words had to be spoken—some words I could not at that moment reach with my mind. I was struggling for expression when Clare held my hands and said: "Do not speak, beloved."

The next moment I felt the familiar softness of her hair, the glamour and glory of her young life. I looked from her to the stars, which were scattered like enchanted dew over the boundless reaches of space, and back again to her overflowing womanhood.

What my soul experienced then was a sort of tragic amusement. I wept with the smile on my lips. There was no other sensation I can remember save this strange commingling of misery and merriment.

What else happened I do not know. The night was so beautiful it made forgetfulness easy. We walked home quietly under the stars.

VII

It may seem cowardly to escape from all those perplexities and embarrassments which of necessity, in the commonplace ordering of things, preceded our journey to this quiet spot. But it is impossible to speak of them—however necessary they may be—without hurting the feelings of others. This we cannot do.

All I may say is, that above the anguish and protestation of that time rose the voice of my darling: "Let me do the thing which God has given me to do."

We are here, and she is doing it.

VIII

It is evening, and Clare is downstairs playing me a favourite nocturne by Chopin. One of his sweetest—threading the soul like a silver dream. I have always loved Chopin. His music is subjective and personal—more so, perhaps, than any other tone poet. You listen to the story of his love, which was the story of his life, and you know by the exquisite fulness of cadence that he gave himself as some women do, leaving nothing for the hour of desolation. His art is a sort of spiritual prostitution, but it is something more, the autobiography of a gentle and noble creature.

We have chosen our masters with some care, and according to the atmosphere of our home. Bach, or Beethoven, or Handel, the great universal souls, would not do for us. Ours is a small corner of life. For them the cathedrals of great cities and thronging multitudes. For us, quietness and simplicity with Chopin, Mendelssohn, or Schubert.

It is the *intimacy* of our little cottage which requires them, and what is happening around us. We would have the lyric secret of some faded love whispered in our ears, the yearning in monotone of some lover's heart. We have been already stretched on the rack of fate, have taken, as it were, a glance at eternity, so now let us touch the common

earth with its common sunshine and shadow; above all, let us feel the warm hand of humanity. . . .

IX

Quite a beautiful thing happens to me every Thursday afternoon. It is Lucy's holiday—and mine!

Lucy is a girl from the village, who has contrived to make my illness almost a blessing to me. It is her strange fancy to come here every week with her brawny sweetheart, and together they listen to Clare reading, or perhaps I will improvise a romance, simple enough for them to appreciate.

I have always tried to understand the common people (using the word "common" reverently); but only a great catastrophe, or shall I call it a great experience, could have found for me the thing I sought. Sorrow and pain reduce life to its ultimate simplicity, because where there is much suffering there is little pride. And, having suffered, we may then enter Heaven as little children through the small gate of humility. As little children who are beginning to know and understand one another.

Strange it is! I have only just recently found out that I was never quite natural with my professional friends. There was an awkwardness, a restraint, what sometimes amounted to deliberate elusiveness in my conversation and general attitude, though it was barely conscious of itself. Everything is so different now in these altered circumstances and surroundings. A shining candour illuminates my love for these two simple children. I would sooner have Lucy's silence as an eloquent appeal to the glory of her sex than all the noisy books I have read about women. I would sooner take a glass of water from her hand than drink rare wine with the daintiest lady in Piccadilly.

And to think that I might have missed all this! A thousand times I might have passed Lucy and George in a country lane and been aware of nothing but what came to me fugitively—the sunlight on her brown hair and in her eyes, the engaging sweetness of her smile—nothing more.

As it is, I have the great privilege of learning to know and appreciate her, as I have learnt to know and appreciate much more that is graceful and gracious. I am like a

man who has wandered through ice-fields and happened on gold. . . .

Spiritual sympathy is something too illusive for definition. It does not rest upon any uttered word or kindly action—it seems to be throned somewhere beyond the immediate region of pleasure and pain. A thing of light and shade, rather than of actual emotion, it touches us lightly and entertains us with little lovely surprises. It came to me only yesterday, when Clare told me she had been sitting in the meadow close by "reading Tasso in the original and watching the lambs frolic and thinking about you and reading Tasso again."

I asked her if she had been happy, and she answered that her feelings were somewhat too strange and beautiful for happiness.

"It was like a maiden's dream with something of motherhood in it," she said.

Her hand touched my hair caressingly, and she looked down at me with quiet, loving eyes.

X

Sometimes I fall to thinking about our earliest days together. Ours was an extremely youthful love, in spite of my journalistic training and maturer years. As to Clare, I caught up to her whilst she was still glancing back at her childhood. I remember the pink frock of that summer, and the broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed and re-trimmed at my pleasure. But the pink frock was specially mine, and many a letter is urgent with the request that she might "come like a rose."

In those days Clare was just a sunny maiden fresh from school. God had given her a little of everything, and Nature locked hands round her like the good mother she is. Her beauty was high up in the clouds and deep down in the daisies on a spring day. Clare might have said: "I simply live—just look at me!" She lived from heart to lips, from heart to hands.

And the Beech Forest—that wonderland of our love! Many a summer's evening we walked together in those secret places that Nature has reserved for its most painstaking children. Holding hands till Clare broke loose to

jump a ditch or scale a log. Or sometimes she would look patiently into the recesses of trees for fairies. All the changing effects of light and shade her index finger pointed out, and no flower was too insignificant for her notice. "Look, a violet, how beautiful. It gives me a blue kiss." "Yes, it is a piece of sky cut out where the stars come." "A pixie carrying a blue lantern."

My child, in those days everything seemed insufficient. All the love of my heart could not cover one solitary meadow in the landscape of your life. I could only pluck a few daisies and watch the passing of a few clouds. I was tortured every day. I was tortured by my unworthiness, my loneliness, my overwhelming necessity for love. I fought on every battlefield of my life. I dreaded the selfishness which is concrete in every life. I tore passion out of my nature and left the bleeding wound. But I was a man still—I loved you and taught you to love me. Can you forgive that?

My child, sometimes I seek blindly and drag helplessly at the curtain which hides me from humanity with its noisy motion and busy circumstance. I have stolen you away from life. Was it right? And if it was wrong—what then?

But you have already answered me: "I love—I love and know."

Frederic Harrison's Warning

Editorial Note.—At the instance of a number of our readers we republish a part of Mr. Harrison's curiously prophetic article which appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, January, 1913, and at the time created for the most part "mild surprise." Mr. Harrison has written time after time about the danger to England and to Europe depending on the Emperor and his military organisation. See his "National and Social Problems," the articles he wrote during the time of the war in 1870 imploring England to go to the aid of France.

THE year 1913 opens a new era. The whole international system has to be recast. And our own foreign relations, our policy, even our tactics, have at least to be overhauled, reconsidered, revised. Our internal system is alike under re-settlement; but we have first to look to the most urgent question, which is international.

It is, of course, merely fanciful, and no one can regard it seriously, that 1913 should mark a great recasting of the European State system, just as 1813 marked the downfall of Napoleon's Imperial ambition; just as 1713, by the Peace of Utrecht, marked the collapse of the ascendancy of Louis Quatorze. Early in 1813 the European kingdoms had closed in upon France, and Napoleonism was in its last throes. In 1713, by the Treaties of Utrecht, Northern Europe had finally shaken off the tyranny of the Bourbons. A new century, *plus* that ominous *thirteen*, seems to have something in it of fate.

A superficial view might suggest that the fact that a combination of four very small States has overthrown an effete oppression which has long been regarded as moribund was not so important a change that it could unsettle the relations of the Great Powers, having more than ten times the resources and the population of the Balkan kinglets. That is plausible, but unsound.

The history of the Turkish Empire for more than a hundred years, its extraordinary combination of races, and, above all, its wonderful geographical position astride the Eastern Mediterranean, have always made its condition and

its relations to be of prime importance to the European Powers. Its fall as a great European Power inevitably affects them all.

But that is only the first point. Next comes the intricate interlacing of the Balkan States (five, when we include Rumania); each with three forms of Christian religion, all usually jealous and hostile to each other, to say nothing of two non-Christian races, Mussulman and Jewish, and even Gipsies and born desperadoes. Nowhere on earth are race ambition, race hatred, ancestral feuds, and bloodthirsty vendettas more rife. These petty kingdoms, these turbulent races, touch the frontiers of Russia, of Austria, and of Italy, and even stir the kindred races within these greater Powers by wild hopes and ferocious passions. Study a race map of Eastern Europe and see how Rumania, with a Hohenzollern dynasty and a very miscellaneous Vlach race, impinges on Russia and on Austria; how Bulgaria, with a Coburg Tsar, jostles Rumania and Servia; how Bulgaria and Servia lie along and control the Lower Danube; how Greece claims and is embedded in Macedonia; how Servia ranges with the Austrian frontier; how Rumania, Bulgaria, and Servia all rouse intense enthusiasms and rancorous jealousies among kindred or hostile races within the dominions of Russia, Hungary, and Austria. These three nations for generations have been kept in periodical ferments by the restless populations of the same race across their frontiers. How can Russia, Austria, Hungary remain unmoved, when the physical, material, and moral *status* of their Balkan neighbours is utterly transformed?

Add to this that Russia's very existence may be staked on its defending a Slavonic nationality; that Germany, by treaty and in self-defence, is pledged to defend its Austrian ally; whilst France, for the same reasons, is bound to defend her Russian ally. And, again, add the fact that England, as the great trading and Mediterranean Power, and France and Italy, as hardly second to England in trade and Mediterranean interests, are all three deeply concerned in the issue of this war.

Thus, to Russia the defence of Slavonian interests, the freedom of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, is what sea-power is to England. To the Germans of Austria, to the Magyars of Hungary, the predominance of the Slav races

is their deposition as ascendant peoples. To Germany, to allow the Germans of Austria to be deposed from Empire is an intolerable blow to Pan-Germanic dreams. To Magyars, to have the despised Servians prospering and advancing, whilst they are pinned between Germans, Poles, Russians, and Rumanians, is a sorry prospect for a proud race. To England it is of vital importance that the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Hellespont, and the Ægean coasts and islands, should not be in hostile hands. To France and to Italy this is nearly as vital. Could the Powers of Europe, great and small, be knotted up together in a more intricate entanglement—a series of vicious circles more insoluble?

It is vain for worthy people, absorbed in the future of International Arbitration and Social Reform, to tell us that the Balkan settlement is nothing to us—only a petty local squabble, that Turkey has only herself to thank, that England has nothing to lose or to gain in Eastern Europe. Let us get on here, they say, with our land reform and insurance benefits. That is the cry of ignorant faddism, of hidebound blindness.

It may be that Servia itself is nothing to us, and we may not care if her pigs are sent to the Adriatic or to the Ægean ports. But if the aggrandisement of Servia means dissolution and anarchy to Austria-Hungary, if an Austrian attack on Servia would shake the very dynasty of the Romanoffs on its base, if the gigantic armies of Germany were called out to defend Austria, if France could not risk the catastrophe or endure the shame of allowing Russia to be crushed, if England could not stand aside and potter over Land Bills and several Home Rule Bills whilst the Triple Alliance made itself masters of Europe—well, then, is that nothing to a democratic House of Commons, with universal, or, it may be, adult suffrage? Is all this nothing to us? Yet all this we might possibly see in this year of grace—or year of fate—1913.

Whatever may be the arrangements made at the close of this sensational war, they can be but temporary at best, and may only lay down the material for a struggle even more desperate and for changes even greater than those of this resettlement of international relations. What 1912 seems to have effected is a vast aggrandisement of the

Slavonic races in their secular struggle against the Teutonic races. Even a local and temporary triumph of Austria over Servia cannot cancel the fact that henceforth the way south-east to the Black Sea and the Ægean Sea is barred to the German.

Across the extreme south-east corner of Europe, and on the highway to Asia Minor, Syria, and the Nile, henceforth there will lie Slavonic races of surprising energy and ambition; and the natural and inevitable head of these races, by religion, tradition, and origin, is the enormous Russian Empire of 164,000,000. Until a few weeks ago the Teuton had a predominant prestige, a working *entente*, and immense interests from the Upper Danube, the Oder, and the Elbe, right away to the Marmora, the Ægean, and the Upper Euphrates. The *prestige*, the *entente* are gone. And across the path there now lies a big, warlike, adventurous Slavonic Confederacy, looking to the Russian Tsar as its natural protector and head. This vast increment to the Slav world and decrement to the Teutonic world has taken place in a few weeks, without a shot being fired or a diplomatic *ultimatum* sent by any of the Greater Powers. It seems automatic—a decree of Providence.

To Austria, to Germany, this may well seem to be an interest touching their national future. To England, or France, or Italy, it is hardly a vital concern, though it is of real importance to each of them, what is to be the Power that controls the Ægean Sea, its islands and shores, and the two straits which open on it from the North. For more than a century it has been the dream of the Russian to be master of all this; and for more than a century Western Europe has barred him back. He is not there yet. But how much more near to his dream—and your Slav is the most dreamy and most long-memoried soul in Europe—has the year 1912 brought him at last?

But will the Teuton see all this patiently and unmoved? No! How can he? We have seen how the Hapsburg Emperor deals with his petty Servian neighbour, whose two or three millions of people, even with a few miles of coast, can hardly *per se* trouble the Austro-Hungarian Empire. And we have seen how the Hohenzollern Emperor tells the world in plain terms: "Who attacks Austria, attacks me." We cannot say that this is criminal—however terrible may

be the consequences. It is not even unreasonable. Given the circumstances *as they are*, and apart from any question of responsibility for those circumstances, the warning seems such as the average German patriot, *with the ideas now dominant*, can hardly refuse to back. And yet withal, if we remember how passionate is the Russian's pride in his Slav race, how the Russian alliance is for the average Frenchman a necessity of national existence, we cannot shut our eyes to the awful prospect of conflict between the Triple Alliance and the Double Alliance to which all this seems to bring us face to face.

Here we are up against the hard root of the whole international problem ever since the coming of Bismarck some fifty years ago. The key of European politics is the magnificent organisation of Germany for war, industry, and science—its central position in mid-Europe abutting on seven different States—its poor access to the sea and its expanding population, hidebound on every side by hostile and suspicious neighbours, and, to crown all, its limitless pride, ambition, and thirst for dominion. A mighty nation of 65,000,000, with such superb resources both for peace and war, and such overweening pride in its own superiority and might, finds itself closed up in a ring-fence too narrow for its fecundity as for its pretensions, constructed more by history, geography, and circumstances than by design—a fence maintained by the fears rather than the hostility of its weaker neighbours. That is the rumbling subterranean volcano on which the European State system rests.

If the German Empire consisted entirely of its peaceful and laborious peasants, of its ingenious and indefatigable workers in a thousand industries—still more, if its Socialist workmen could control, or modify, or check her external policy—or even if the Kaiser could always, at all times, insist on doing nothing but what he judged to be both prudent and wise—if all this were so, the enormous strength of the German Empire would cause no uneasiness to its neighbours.

But we know that this *if* never can be verified in our time. Over and above its sixty millions of peaceable, industrious people, there are many millions of ambitious and fighting patriots who nurse visions of aggrandisement,

battle, and glory. There are hundreds of thousands of proud and fierce Samurai (the sole survivors in Europe of its feudal chivalry) who live only for war and are bred for war, and have no profession or career but arms. This immense hereditary caste, which has every quality befitting a dominant order, has in effect permanent control of the whole civil and military organisation of the Empire. Associated with it is an intellectual order, even more arrogant, but not so pugnacious, which holds control over literature and education.

The Kaiser is the official organ of this mighty bureaucracy; and in ordinary seasons and for business purposes he is its master, and can and does control and use it. But under a storm of patriotic delirium in the warrior and bureaucratic caste, voiced by professors, journalists, plutocrats, and speculators, there is little hope that the War Lord could resist the pressure to give the signal for war—at least, as Bismarck and his successors prefer to do—to take some step which implies war.

We know all that is so often urged on us to the contrary. We are weary of hearing of international visits, of royal and academic courtesies, of the peaceful virtues of German tradesmen, of the friendly professions of official Germany, of the aversion to war in the whole middle class and Socialist mass. No one denies this. We all know that for some years yet peace is almost a condition of German development both military and commercial, and especially in the marine. We concede all this as proved, axiomatic, common ground. Ninety per cent. of the German people ardently desire to be at peace—*so long as German interests are not affected.* The whole Government machine works for peace—*at present.* The Kaiser is honestly doing his best to remove all apprehension from his neighbours' minds —*until some crisis compels him to speak.* And all the while the predominant ten per cent. of the nation are pushing on their countrymen to take a course of which war is the almost inevitable consequence.

It is inevitable but that a nation with the magnificent resources of the German, hemmed in a territory so inadequate to their needs and pretensions, and dominated by a soldier, bureaucratic, and literary caste, all deeply imbued with the Bismarckian doctrine, should thirst to extend their

dominions and their power at any sacrifice—of life, of wealth, and of justice. One must take facts as they are, and it is idle to be blind to facts, or to rail against them. It is as silly to gloss over manifest perils as it is to preach moralities about them. There they are.

Now, such is the geographical situation of the German Empire; so late has it been in consolidation, so recent its great accession of power and of pretensions—only half a century, and therefore at least a century later than England, France, Austria, and Russia—that it seems a hopeless dilemma to see in what quarter outside Europe the burning ambition—we may almost say the natural ambition—of New Germany can be met. There is no district on earth available for an adequate transmarine empire, or even colony. And the desperate efforts made by Germans for a generation to find some suitable outlet for their population and their ambitions, whether territorial or industrial, only arouse opposition and apprehension—which Germans regard as hostility. One after another the adventures in the Pacific, in South America, in the West Indies, in Morocco, in South-West Africa, in Central Africa, seem to have brought nothing but disappointment to themselves and fresh alarm to their neighbours. And now the latest and perhaps most practicable of all these schemes, *i.e.*, in Asiatic Turkey, seems to be finally barred, and by their secular rivals, the Slavs.

This collapse of Turkey, this aggrandisement of the Balkan kingdoms, is a rude disillusion and a fatal setback to Pan-German ideals, whether in Austria or in the Reich. Nothing outside Europe is now open to them. Asia, India, China, Australasia, Africa, America—North and South, all are closed—practically inaccessible and impregnable. And now the Bosphorus, the Ægean, and Asia Minor are equally closed. But, alas! Europe is open—and within touch—and, even if occupied, offers magnificent fields for enterprise of all kinds. It is therefore inevitable that the mighty German Empire, swollen perhaps by the German part of Austria, will seek "compensation" for its exclusion from places "in the sun"—within Europe itself. It has won "compensations" and accessions thrice before—in 1864, in 1866, in 1870; and four or five times since by demanding fresh "compensations," it has brought Europe to the brink

of war. We have to see what are the compensations it demands in 1913.

No man with a trained eye for politics need trouble himself with those who dispute all this. Party scribes, keen about their Liberal Bills; Radicals with stale watchwords for Economy, Sex-Equality, and Universal Peace; Cosmopolitan Financiers who are welcomed at foreign Courts; "Able Editors" who pore over the division lists; all those who have close ties with Germans, whether by family connections, by trade interests, by academic intercourse—all such are wont to vaunt the sweet reasonableness of all German classes, the enormous commercial disasters which war would cause—above all, the English sympathies and the "pacific" temper of his Majesty the Kaiser.

All this may be true—but it is entirely beside the point. These well-meaning "pacifists," as they are called, may have excellent relatives, friends, correspondents and partners in Germany, but they are not politicians themselves, and they know nothing of the true German politicians who have power. It is waste of time to answer this stuff.

For my part, I have been an active politician for quite fifty years, and all that time in close touch with leading politicians and publicists in all parts of Europe. No man with deep political interests has been more entirely detached from any party allegiance. For fifty years I have publicly contended for raising the conditions and wages of the labouring masses. For fifty years I have resisted every attempt at national expansion, aggression on weaker races, and every form of warlike adventure. Every interest I have, every principle I have maintained, is now against anything like antagonism, or even rivalry, towards a foreign nation; is, indeed, strongly on the side of international harmony, goodwill, and peace. I do not now budge one inch from that ground. And yet, I say it deliberately and sorrowfully to-day, England, Europe, civilisation is in imminent peril from German expansion.

A tremendous crisis is before us. And they who are blind to it or refuse to meet it may be guilty of one of the most awful catastrophes in history.

German War Taxation*

By Robert Crozier Long

THE rumour, put in circulation by a Cologne journal, that the German Imperial Treasury Office is preparing a new Financial Reform scheme, the aim of which, as a Berlin newspaper † adds, is to cover yet another increase of armaments, gives timeliness to an analysis of the remarkable fiscal expedients by which the Empire has been providing for armaments expenditure in recent years.

The Financial Reform of 1913 was the last of a series of similarly-called measures which in essentials consisted in the imposing of heavy new taxation to cover, directly or indirectly, armaments expenditure, without making any material reduction of existing taxation. The phrase "Financial Reform" has in German mainly the meaning, 'getting the Reichstag to vote taxes.' It was the failure of such "Financial Reforms" in the past which led to the Empire piling up in less than forty years a Public Debt of over £250,000,000. The formal source of this indebtedness was a great increase of expenditure since the Empire was founded, and an insufficient (though absolutely a very great) increase of revenue. The causes of the growth of expenditure are not in dispute. They are, firstly, more expensive land and sea armaments; next, the assumption by the Empire since its foundation of new functions (mainly social) and the development of existing functions; next, war (the Chinese and South-West Africa campaigns); and finally, the increasing burden of the Service of Debt. The causes of insufficiency of revenue are also beyond doubt. They begin with the endowment of the Empire at its foundation with insufficient sources of revenue. After that has been a string of rejections by the Reichstag of Government demands for new taxes and monopolies. Finally, the yield of such taxes as were voted very often fell below the estimated yield.

* This article was written two months before the war.
† *Berliner Tageblatt*, 8th July.

The increased Imperial expenditure has been mainly peace expenditure. The Chinese and South-West Africa expeditions cost the Empire only 717,000,000 marks; and the loans actually raised for them amounted to rather less. Armaments during peace were the heaviest item. Between 1872 and the first Financial Reform (1909) that seriously attempted to do away with the old *Pumpwirtschaft* (loan policy) Army expenditure increased threefold, and Navy expenditure tenfold. The Service of Debt account rose a hundredfold. The administration of the Department of the Interior increased in the same ratio, but this new outlay, also the heavy cost of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, may be classed as productive. As regards revenue, it may be said that as soon as the French War Contribution was exhausted, the inadequacy of the sources of revenue allotted at the foundation became plain. These resources were: Customs, the internal (beet) sugar tax taken from the *Zollverein*, the North German beer and brandy taxes, the salt tax built out of abolished State salt monopolies, and the posts. For its other profit-bearing undertaking, the Alsace-Lorraine railways, the Empire paid 325,000,000 francs. The only other source of revenue was "matricular contributions," levies to be paid by the separate States *pro rata* of population.

It has been estimated that if the Reichstag had voted since 1875 an extra 70,000,000 marks annually in taxes, the whole of the present debt, and the interest burden which it causes, would have been avoided. To critics (for instance, Prof. Adolph Wagner) who bitterly complain of this, defenders of the Reichstag point to the vast increase of taxation which the Reichstag did sanction. Imperial taxation rose from 4·40 marks *per capita* in 1872 to 20·19 marks at the end (1909) of the borrowing era. But despite this the debt grew. How it grew is shown by the following table:—

	£
1875	6,061,150
1885	27,560,485
1895	110,061,890
1905	166,175,000
1913	250,861,265

Apart from the formal causes, as above stated, of this increase of debt, there was one difficulty of principle which

lies in the German Constitution itself, and presents even to-day an unsolved fiscal and political problem. This is the relation between the Empire and its Federated States. The Empire and the States are competitors in finance, and their competition involves political questions of gravity. The principle propounded by Bismarck (a principle done lip-worship to by Bismarck's followers) was that the unity of the new Empire would be endangered if the States felt that the foundation had brought them burdens. The Empire, said Bismarck, must not be a parasite (*Kostgänger* was his word) of the States. This meant that the Empire should not beg from or poach on the revenue preserves of the States, or otherwise weaken their financial independence; and it had particular relation to the "matricular" contributions which the Constitution proclaimed should be paid by the States to the Empire until Imperial taxes could be found to replace them. Bismarck repeatedly preached that these matricular contributions should be abolished; and one of many hopes not permanently realised by his reversion to Protection was that the Empire would exchange the ungraceful *rôle* of *Kostgänger* for that of benefactor. The Tariff Law of 1879 contained a provision (the so-called Frankenstein clause, revoked in 1904) that any surplus over 130,000,000 marks from customs duties and tobacco tax should be handed over to the States in order to compensate them for the matricular contributions and for their decreased opportunities for indirect taxation. For some years this aim was realised. After 1883 the Empire paid the States in *Ueberweisungen* (assignments) much more than it received from them in matricular payments. The acceptance by the Empire of matricular subsidies from the States, while at the same time paying back to the States much larger subsidies, was not a mere book-keeping anomaly. The Reichstag insisted on maintaining *de jure* the matricular payments, because they gave it an annual control over taxation which it had not in the case of indirect taxes, these being fixed by law for long terms. After 1899 the matricular payments began largely to exceed the Empire's payments in return. Constant uncertainty as to coming balances between matricular payments and *Ueberweisungen* caused confusion in State finances. By the Financial Reform of 1909 the matricular payments were raised from

40 pf. to 80 pf. *per capita* of the State populations; but at the same time 207,000,000 marks of matricular payments overdue by the States to the Empire were "covered by loan," that is, forgiven to the States. In 1913 the Imperial Government, disregarding the traditional objections, proposed to increase largely the matricular payments, but failed. The matricular system is particularly objected to because it taxes population, and takes no account of the great difference in *per capita* wealth of the contributing States. Several attempts to abolish this last anomaly have failed.

Failure of the Stengel Financial Reform (of all taxes voted only that on cigarettes brought in the estimated yield) was one cause of Herr v. Sydow's Financial Reform of 1909. Herr Sydow asked for an annual 500,000,000 marks to cover an estimated deficit of 2,500,000,000 marks during the next five years. He proposed to increase the brandy, beer, and tobacco taxes, to tax bottled wine, electricity, gas and advertisements, and to extend the Treasury's claim to intestate estates in absence of near relatives. The central feature was an Estate Duty (*Nachlasssteuer*) taxing all estates of value over 20,000 marks. Estates falling to widows and children were not exempted. The State matricular contributions were to be raised from 40 pf. to 80 pf. per head. Against these taxes Herr Sydow proposed to abolish the Railway-ticket Tax of 1906, to reduce the Sugar Tax, and to set back the local postage rate to the old level. This scheme collapsed. A Reichstag majority was found only for the brandy, beer, and tobacco tax increases. The Government in an alternative scheme proposed instead of the Estate Duty a Legacy Duty with no exemption for widows and children. This alternative plan also failed. The Government majority, the so-called Buelow Block, consisting of Conservatives, National-Liberals, and Freisinn, fell to pieces, and was replaced by a Conservative-Centre coalition, which put through its own Financial Reform on the principle: no tax on property, and heavy taxes on consumption and on business transactions. The result of the Government's failure was Prince Buelow's resignation.

The Financial Reform of the Conservative-Centre coalition imposed higher taxes on brandy, beer, tobacco,

tea, and coffee; a higher bill stamp, taxes on sparkling wines, on incandescent mantles and matches; stamp duties on land transfers, on securities, on cheques, and a Coupon Tax. These imposts, together with the increased matricular payments from the States and with the unreduced railway ticket and sugar taxes, and local postage rate, were to yield the needed 500,000,000 marks. The Reform, owing to the heavy taxes on consumption and the violation of the Government's undertaking that a quarter of the sum should be raised by taxing property, was much resented. The Conservative-Centre majority proclaimed that the Land Transfer Tax—two-thirds per cent. on the consideration—was a substitute for an Estate or Legacy Duty. It was resolved that the Land Transfer Tax should be reduced to one-third per cent. when an Increment tax (*Zuwachssteuer*) on land, to yield at least 20,000,000 marks was introduced, and it was enacted that this should be done before April 1st, 1912. The Reform further provided that from 1914 the Sugar Tax should be reduced from 14 marks per 100 kilos (the rate since 1902) to 10 marks. As is usually the case with Reichstag proclamations of future tax remissions, this promise has never been carried out.

The Land Increment Tax became law in February, 1911. It taxes the difference (when the difference is profit) between the purchase and sale prices of built land selling at over 20,000 marks, and of unbuilt land selling at over 5,000 marks. The tax rises from 10 per cent. on an Increment of not more than 10 per cent. to 30 per cent. on an Increment of more than 290 per cent. For every year between the date of purchase and sale the tax is reduced 1 per cent. The Empire gets half the yield, the collecting State 10 per cent., and the municipalities 40 per cent. The promise to halve the Land Transfer Tax of 1909 was not fulfilled. The full tax was left on until July 1st, 1914.

The taxation so far described is counted as Armaments taxation because the deficits which it was intended to cover were primarily caused by armaments increases. The next Financial Reforms, that of 1912-13 (considered as one) was simultaneous with the Armaments increases. It differs in another respect from the Financial Reforms of 1906 and 1909. It is relatively democratic. Though bringing no remission of the consumption taxes imposed in former

years, it imposed new and very sharp taxes on property. This last Financial Reform began in 1912 when the Government produced its plan for increasing the Army by 29,000 men, and for the organisation of a third active battleship squadron. The Government proposed to get 35,000,000 marks by the abolition of the tax exemption on "contingented" spirit, the so-called Agrarian *Liebesgabe* (free gift). Dr. Wermuth, the Secretary of the Treasury, fearing a reversion to the old system of borrowing, resigned. The Centre and the National-Liberals, after long negotiations between Government and Reichstag, came to an agreement for a more satisfactory covering of the outlay. A Bill providing for a general direct tax on property was to be laid before the Reichstag before April 30th, 1913, and the promised reduction of the Sugar Tax was to take place six months after the passing of the Property Tax, at latest by October, 1916. The yield of the Property Tax and of the abolished spirit *Liebesgabe* would cover the cost of the new Defence measures. This party deal was approved of by the Reichstag. But before the Property Tax was submitted to the Reichstag conditions as regards Defence had radically changed. The Balkan War involved a much greater scheme of Army increase, and the plan for a Property Tax as asked for by the Reichstag in 1912 was accompanied by a plan for a second Property Tax in the shape of an Extraordinary Defence Contribution to be paid out of capital.

The Army Law of 1913, which made an addition to the land forces of 136,000 officers and men, involved a temporary non-repeating outlay during the following three years of 898,000,000 marks, and permanent outlay of 186,000,000, this figure first to be reached in 1915. The plan of finance submitted to the Reichstag by Secretary of the Treasury Kühn comprised the following new taxation measures: a stamp duty on company formations and on insurances; extension of the State's claim to intestate estates in absence of near relatives, a Property Tax, and an "Extraordinary, Non-Repeatable Defence Contribution." In addition, the Government proposed to maintain unreduced until 1917 the Sugar Tax which, according to the Centre-National-Liberal deal of 1912, was to be reduced six months after the passing of the Property Tax. It was also proposed to maintain

unreduced until 1917 the Land Transfer Stamp imposed in 1909 and due to be reduced by half in 1914. As always, the Government plan did not go through without material alteration. Most of the reasons for the Reichstag's amendments need not be touched. The chief two taxes enacted are such interesting experiments that they deserve all available space.

First is the Extraordinary, Non-Repeating Defence Contribution (*Ausserordentlicher, Einmaliger Wehrbeitrag*). This tax, though perhaps the less important of the two, attracted most public attention owing to its more direct association with the Army increase. Briefly put, it is a levy on the capital of all property, real or personal, which is not to be repeated, and the yield of which is to be devoted solely to the cause of defence. The motion was put to the Reichstag some years ago by the Socialist deputy, Herr David. Objections made to the contribution were many. There was no guarantee that it would be "non-repeating"; its success would tempt future financial reformers to repetition. It was as bad finance to cover unproductive expenditure out of capital as it was to raise it by loan. If, as was expected, many citizens paid their shares out of income, that would check consumption and injure trade. In such case the contribution would diminish the citizen's capacity as income-tax payer, and thus poach on a preserve of the Federated States. Many other sound objections were raised. The only answer to them was that the Defence Contribution was the one visible way, short of loan, of meeting the immediate Army expenditure. The Defence Contribution Law passed with the support of the whole Reichstag, except the Poles and Alsatians.

The Contribution Law differs very materially from Dr. Kühn's proposal. The proposal was for a non-graduated levy of 0·5 per cent. on the value of all real or personal estate, and of 2 per cent. on all incomes exceeding 50,000 marks. The Reichstag objected to this on grounds of unfairness, lack of graduation, and unduly high exemption figures for incomes. The project became law in a different form. The law provides a graduated scheme. Property of value under 10,000 marks is exempt. Property of over

that figure pays a levy according to its place in the following scale :—

Value up to £2,500 (or first £2,500 of larger property)		0·15 p.c.
Next £2,500 (or part)		0·35 ,,
,, 5,000 (begun or finished)		0·5 ,,
,, 15,000		0·7 ,,
,, 25,000		0·85 ,,
,, 50,000		1·1 ,,
,, 150,000		1·3 ,,
,, 250,000		1·4 ,,
Above 250,000		1·5 ,,

The levy on incomes is also graduated. From the income assessed is deducted before taxation a sum equal to 5 per cent. on the taxable property. This is to prevent double taxing. Incomes up to 5,000 marks are exempt. Higher incomes are taxed in fourteen classes, as sufficiently indicated by the following table, from which alternate classes have been left out :—

	£.			
Income up to	500	pays	1	per cent.
,, between	500 and 750	,, ...	1·2	,,
,, ,,	1,000 ,, 1,250	,, ...	1·6	,,
,, ,,	1,500 ,, 1,750	,, ...	2·0	,,
,, ,,	2,000 ,, 2,500	,, ...	3·0	,,
,, ,,	3,000 ,, 3,500	,, ...	4·0	,,
,, ,,	4,000 ,, 5,000	,, ...	5·0	,,
and so on up to	£25,000 which pays	... ...	8·0	,,

The Defence Contribution Law's definition of property subject to the levy is wide. Subject are land, working capital and plant of all undertakings (including agricultural), and capital. Under the last come saleable rights (patents, royalties, &c.), moneys due, investments, money in bank or in hand except so much as is needed for three months' current expenses, also the capital value of annuities and insurances. For the purposes of the Contribution entailed property counts as belonging to the tenant for life, who may pay the Contribution out of capital or burden the entailed property therewith. Furniture, including objects of art, is exempt. In regard to income the law makes no definition. It accepts the definitions of income given by the Income Tax laws of the States. States without Income Tax must make special assessments of income for the purposes of the Contribution. As the Income Tax laws markedly

differ in different States, this loose handling is objected to as an injustice. But this, and several other inequalities in the Contribution Law, are justified on the ground that the Contribution is a national levy, to be joyfully borne on grounds of patriotism, and that it is not liable to repetition. All persons, natural or juristic, must pay the Contribution. Exempt only are public companies pursuing public aims, whose statutes limit dividends to 4 per cent., and companies which in the past five years have paid not more than 3 per cent. if at the same time the sale value of their shares is not more than 80 per cent. of the paid-up capital. The Contribution is to be paid in three instalments: the first within three months of assessment (this summer); the second in February, 1915; and the third in February, 1916. The estimated yield of the Contribution is 1,000,000,000 marks. The form given to the Contribution Law, though it passed the Reichstag relatively easily, and in principle was accepted from the first, called forth strong protests from the Hansa League, the League of Manufacturers, the Central Association of Business Men, the Berlin *Kaufmannschaft*, and other public bodies.

The second of the great Armaments imposts, the Property Increment Tax (*Vermögenszuwachssteuer*) was the result, as stated, of a Reichstag party deal come to in 1912. The Government plan for the Property Tax radically differed from the solution adopted. The Government's plan was one of alternatives. The Property Tax was to be raised *viâ* the old expedient of increased matricular payments from the States, the States to get the extra money by themselves taxing property. Only such States as failed to do this were to be compelled to put in force an alternative Property Tax ("Property Increment Tax") as enacted by the Imperial legislature. The plan was to levy from all the States additional matricular payments in total representing 1·25 mark per head of the Empire, and yielding 80,000,000 marks a year. The States, however, were not to contribute according to their populations, but according to their wealth, as this would be brought out by the Defence Contribution assessment of December 31st, 1913. The plan was strongly objected to in the Reichstag. It introduced a fresh complication into the matricular system by compelling the States to pay the new levy logically

according to their wealth, while leaving in force the old matricular levies based on numbers. The result was the rejection by the Reichstag of the matricular plan, and the substitution of the Property Increment Tax as the primary and only means of raising the money needed. The Increment Tax, a highly novel expedient, recommended itself as the form of direct Property Tax which would least of all interfere with State rights to tax income and property. It became law with the support of Centre, National Liberals, *Volkspartei*, and Socialists, against the opposition of the Conservatives and Poles.

The Property Increment Tax takes as its starting point the assessment of property values made on December 31st, 1913, for the purposes of the Defence Contribution. The next assessment will be made on December 31st, 1916, and so on after every three years. The citizen pays the Increment Tax on each three years' increase of wealth. An Increment of less than 10,000 marks in a single three-years' term is exempted. Where the Increment is over 10,000 marks the tax is as follows:—

Increment of under	£2,500	...	...	0·75 p.c.	of increment.
,, ,,	5,000	...	...	0·90 ,,	,,
,, ,,	15,000	...	...	1·05 ,,	,,
,, ,,	25,000	...	...	1·20 ,,	,,
,, ,,	50,000	...	...	1·35 ,,	,,
,, over	50,000	...	...	1·50 ,,	,,

The exemption of an Increment of less than 10,000 marks is not final. If the second triennial assessment shows a further increment which when taken with the first exempted increment exceeds 10,000 marks, the combined Increment of the two triennial terms must pay the tax. As example: a citizen worth 30,000 marks in 1913 and 38,000 marks in 1916 pays no tax; but if by 1919 he possesses 45,000 marks he must pay the tax on the whole 15,000 marks gained since 1913. A citizen whose wealth shows alternative increases and decreases pays the tax only on the Increment accrued since his highest assessment. Thus, a person worth 100,000 marks in 1913 and 150,000 marks in 1916 would pay Increment Tax on 50,000 marks; if in 1919 he was worth only 90,000 marks he would pay nothing, and if in 1922 he was worth 190,000 marks he would pay the tax, not on the whole 100,000 marks gained since 1919,

but only on the 40,000 marks Increment shown in comparison with 1916.

The Increment Property Tax contains a further element of progression in that the tax rises with the absolute wealth of the taxpayer, as well as rising with the amount of Increment. Thus, where the total wealth of the citizen is

Over £5,000 the tax is increased by 0·1 per cent of the Increment.
„ 10,000 „ „ „ 0·2 „ „ „

and so on in ten classes until where property exceeds 10,000,000 marks the tax is increased by 1·0 per cent. of the Increment. The tax is confined to natural persons; juristic persons are exempt. It admits (as does the Defence Contribution) mitigations in favour of infants. The estimated yields are 65,000,000 marks from Increment caused by increase of own property, and 41,000,000 marks from Increment resulting from inheritance.

The Defence Contribution and the Property Increment Tax entirely dominate Germany's last experiment in Armaments taxation. The other measures of the 1913 Financial Reform may be dealt with briefly. In order to avoid double taxation, the Land Increment Tax of 1911, as far as it was an Imperial tax (that is, in half) was abolished. The Land Transfer Stamp Duty of two-thirds per cent. imposed in 1909 also came up for review. The promised remission of half of this tax whenever a Land Increment Tax became law (that is, in 1911) was not carried out, and the full tax was left in force until April, 1914. In 1913 the Government proposed to maintain the full tax until 1917. This proposal became law. The next measure of 1913 is the alteration of the Legacy Duty law of 1906 by increasing the tax on property falling to descendants of brothers and sisters, and to other remote relatives. The duty now rises to 12 per cent. In future, the Empire will get four-fifths, instead of three-fourths, and the States one-fifth of the yield. The Sugar Tax, so long the subject of promises of reduction, was also dealt with. The Government plan was to maintain this tax at full height until 1917. The Reichstag decided to maintain the tax unreduced without any date limitation. Against this, the cheque stamp of 10 pf. imposed in 1909 was abolished. It brought in only 3,000,000 marks, and was objected to on the ground that it

retards the growing use of payment by cheque. The Government's plan for taxing new company formations and insurances, and transferring such taxation from States to Empire, passed the Reichstag with some amendments. With this, and the provision of a silver war treasure of 120,000,000 marks, and of an additional 120,000,000 gold war treasure, ends the Financial Reform of 1913.

The Diplomatic Correspondence

"THE White Paper" [Cd. 7467] containing the "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis" is a document of such historic importance, that it would seem a national duty to publish a *précis* of it so that our readers may fully grasp the policy of the German Emperor, which led to war. No Diplomatic Correspondence has ever been published of greater significance. No more terrible indictment of a people has ever been revealed to civilisation. It is the proof absolute of German war-madness, the documentary evidence of the German intention, not only to force Austria into war, but to bring on war against France and Russia at a moment when German Diplomacy held those countries to be unprepared.

June 28th.—The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated at Sarajevo. July 20th, the crisis begins, Sir Edward Grey informing Sir E. Goschen, at Berlin, that the position was "very uncomfortable."

July 22nd.—Sir E. Goschen wires from Berlin that the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had just "insisted" that the question at issue was one for "settlement between Servia and Austria alone"; moreover, he had repeatedly told the Servian Minister that "Austro-Servian relations should be put on a proper footing."

July 23rd.—Sir E. Grey is alarmed. He informs Sir M. de Bunsen, at Vienna, that he (Grey) had expressed great regret to the Austrian Ambassador in London that Austria should have imposed a *time limit* to the communication addressed to Servia, amounting thereby to an ultimatum. The Austrian Ambassador replied that it was "absolutely necessary for Austria to protect herself." On Sir E. Grey pointing out the possible consequences of offensive action on the part of Austria, the Austrian Ambassador replied that it would "all depend upon Russia."

July 24th.—The Austrian Note to Servia is published. It is an ultimatum. The Powers only know of it twelve hours after its delivery. Sir E. Grey immediately wires to Vienna, saying he had informed the Austrian Ambassador in London, he (Grey) had never seen one State address to an independent State a document so formidable; that England was concerned simply and solely from the point of view of general peace.

The first note of alarm comes from Sir G. Buchanan, in St. Petersburg. He wires Sir Edward Grey he has just seen M. Sazonof (Minister for Foreign Affairs): who said that Austria's conduct was "both provocative and immoral"; that she "*would never have taken such action unless Germany had first been consulted;* some of the Austrian demands were obviously unacceptable." Sir G. Buchanan goes on to say that the French Ambassador there pressed him for a declaration of English solidarity with France who, in any case, would unreservedly support Russia.

So that on July 24th, France announced her intention to fight on the side of Russia.

This telegram is highly important. It shows that on July 24th, both France and Russia anticipated war, and that Germany knew it, and that Sir E. Grey was already being pressed for a declaration of England's attitude.

July 24th.—Mr. Crackanthorpe, from Belgrade, wires that Servia regards Austrian demands as "unacceptable."

At this juncture the German Ambassador in London communicates a Note to Sir E. Grey, setting out that Austria's attitude is entirely justified, can only be regarded as "equitable and moderate," and that the German Government regards the matter as one to be settled "exclusively" between the contending parties.

Sir E. Grey telegraphs Sir F. Bertie in Paris, suggesting that Germany, France, Italy, and England should act together as mediators simultaneously at Vienna and St. Petersburg; the important thing was to gain time in Vienna.

July 25th.—The Russian Ambassador informs Sir E. Grey that Russia deems it of the highest importance to procure extension of the time limit.

Sir E. Grey wires to Paris and Vienna that the Austrian Ambassador in London had just explained that the step

taken at Belgrade was a *démarche*, not an ultimatum; but Sir F. Bertie wires back to say that the French Government had "not received" that explanation.

Sir G. Buchanan wires from St. Petersburg (July 25th) that, owing to the time limit, it was impossible to act on Sir E. Grey's suggestion; that Russia was willing to leave the settlement of the dispute to the non-interested Powers, but that Russia regarded Austria's action as "in reality, directed against Russia," "Austria aiming at the overthrow of the present *status quo* in the Balkans," to which M. Sazonof adds that "*Germany was convinced that she could count on England's neutrality.*"

July 25th.—Sir H. Rumbold wires from Berlin to Sir E. Grey that the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs* was away, thereby causing serious delay; but that Austria professed to be optimistic regarding Russia's action.

Serious news comes from Vienna (July 25th) about warlike attitude of the Austrians. Mr. Crackanthorpe wires that Servia considers that, unless Austria wants war, she must be content with the full satisfaction offered in the Servian reply. Immediately after, Mr. Crackanthorpe wires that the Austrian Minister had left Belgrade.

Sir E. Grey now realises the grave danger to Europe involved by what he himself calls the "sudden, brusque, and peremptory character of the Austrian *démarche*." He informs the German Ambassador in London that the co-operation of Germany is essential to any diplomatic mediation. At the same time, both the French and Russian Governments do their utmost to induce Austria to extend the time limit.

In vain. Sir E. Grey receives a wire from Vienna to the effect that the German Ambassador there is "*confident that Russia will keep quiet during chastisement of Servia*"; that "France also is not at all in a condition for war."

July 26th.—Sir E. Grey proposes conference. France accepts (July 27th). Italy and Russia accept unreservedly. Germany *refuses point-blank.* The Kaiser returns from the North.

July 27th.—Sir E. Goschen wires that Secretary of

* To be noted here is that the two indispensable forces for peace, the German Emperor and the Austrian Foreign Minister, were away, and so unapproachable the day of the expiry of Austria's ultimatum to Servia.

State says proposed Conference "would practically amount to a Court of Arbitration," and Germany could not, therefore, co-operate; he thought personal conversations the better plan. To be noted is that the Kaiser was in Berlin when this attitude was decided on.

Sir E. Grey wires (July 27th) that the German Ambassador in London declares that Germany is "ready to accept" mediation in principle; but from Berlin, Sir E. Goschen wires back that this is not the case. Sir E. Grey, in conversation with Count Mensdorff in London, says openly that Austrian action looks as if war was intended; informs him that "the English Fleet, in the circumstances, cannot be disbanded"; that it was very disappointing to find Austria so hard towards Servia, who had agreed to humiliate herself more than any independent country ever had done.

July 28th.—Austria declares war on Servia.

The same day a telegraphic Note is communicated to our Foreign Office, stating that M. Sazonof is convinced that "Germany is, if anything, in favour of the uncompromising attitude adopted by Austria; that the Berlin Cabinet appears to be doing nothing; that the key to the situation is to be found at Berlin."

July 28th.—A wire from Vienna stating that Austria "*declines any suggestion on negotiations.*"

Sir E. Grey continues wiring to British Ambassador to the effect that the German Ambassador in London protests that Germany is ready to accept the joint mediation of Powers, though Austria had already declared war and officially refused all intervention.

This should be carefully noted. Up to this point, the German Ambassador in London kept on assuring Sir E. Grey of German willingness to secure peace, in spite of our Ambassadorial contradictions from Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Berlin to Sir E. Grey, that the Berlin Government regarded intervention as impossible.

July 28th.—Sir E. Goschen informs Sir E. Grey that the Austrian Ambassador told him that "Russia neither wanted, nor was in a position to make, war."

July 29th.—Sir E. Goschen wires that the German Chancellor had informed him it was "too late to act upon (English) suggestion" of mediation.

In a further wire, Sir E. Goschen reports that the German Secretary of State was much concerned about Russian mobilisation. He "denied that the German Government had recalled officers on leave"—Sir E. Goschen adds to this, "as a matter of fact, it is true."

To this telegram Sir E. Grey wires polite thanks to the German Chancellor (July 29th). Sir G. Buchanan wires from St. Petersburg, announcing "Partial mobilisation." Sir R. Rodd informs Sir E. Grey from Rome that there appears to be general difficulty in "making Germany believe that Russia is in earnest." Mr. Beaumont, from Constantinople, informs Sir E. Grey that "Austrian designs may extend considerably beyond the Sanjak and a punitive occupation of Servian territory."

Even then, Sir E. Grey bravely persists. He again (July 29th) wires to Sir E. Goschen in Berlin that the German Ambassador in London assures him he (the Ambassador) has been instructed from Berlin to mediate. Sir E. Grey adds: "I told him that mediation was ready to come into operation by any method that Germany thought possible, if only Germany would '*press the button*' in the interests of peace."

Now there comes the first German bid for English neutrality. Sir E. Goschen wires that the German Chancellor declares that Germany "aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France, but that he could give no such assurance *regarding the French Colonies. If Holland remained neutral,* her neutrality would be respected, He had in mind a "general neutrality agreement between England and Germany."

July 29th.—Sir E. Grey wires Sir F. Bertie that he told the German Ambassador in London not to be "misled into thinking that England would stand aside if all the efforts made in the cause of peace failed." Over Morocco, the case was different: it was not an English interest. A war between Austria and Russia, likewise, was a Slav and Teuton question; but with France it was otherwise. England would then have to consider the position, would have to decide what "British interests required her to do." He (Grey) told Prince Lichnowsky "not to count on England standing aside," intimating that, though this did not imply inevitable military action on the part of England, it left

the matter open the moment the question became one involving the hegemony of Europe.

July 29th.—Sir E. Grey next wires to Sir E. Goschen in Berlin. He tells him he had informed the German Ambassador of England's position, saying he did not wish to be open to any reproach that the "friendly tone of all our conversations had misled the German Government into supposing that *we should not take action.*"

These two communications of Sir E. Grey are of the highest importance. They show clearly that on July 29th the German Government knew of Sir E. Grey's official intimation that England could not remain indifferent if France was drawn in. None the less, Germany still maintained that Austria could not accept mediation. The German Ambassador at Vienna, well-known for his anti-Russian and anti-Servian feeling, was obviously, as Sir M. de Bunsen pointed out to Sir E. Grey (July 30th), hardly the man to undertake peaceful overtures. It was he who had telegraphed the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia to the German Emperor, *before it was despatched*, thus affording proof that the Emperor was perfectly cognisant of what was taking place.

July 30th.—Russia learns that Germany is mobilising, is making naval preparations in the direction even of the Gulf of Finland. M. Sazonof, in desperation, draws up a formula as last hope, to the effect that "Russia will stop all military preparations if Austria declares her readiness to eliminate points which violate principle of Sovereignty of Servia."

Sir F. Bertie wires (July 30th) asking for intention of England, France growing extremely anxious.

July 30th.—Sir E. Grey wires Sir E. Goschen regarding the German "bid for neutrality." This telegram is so important that it is given here in full:

No. 101.

Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen.

(Telegraphic.) *Foreign Office, July* 30, 1914.

"YOUR telegram of 29th July.

His Majesty's Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms.

What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies.

From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power, and become subordinate to German policy.

Altogether apart from that it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover.

The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.

Having said so much, it is unnecessary to examine whether the prospect of a future general neutrality agreement between England and Germany offered positive advantages sufficient to compensate us for tying our hands now. We must preserve our full freedom to act as circumstances may seem to us to require in any such unfavourable and regrettable development of the present crisis as the Chancellor contemplates.

You should speak to the Chancellor in the above sense, and add most earnestly that the one way of maintaining the good relations between England and Germany is that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe; if we succeed in this object, the mutual relations of Germany and England will, I believe, be *ipso facto* improved and strengthened. For that object His Majesty's Government will work in that way with all sincerity and good-will.

And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through the last Balkan crisis, and,

Germany having a corresponding object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals, but if this present crisis, so much more acute than any that Europe has gone through for generations be safely passed, I am hopeful that the relief and reaction which will follow may make possible some more definite *rapprochement* between the Powers that has been possible hitherto."

Here we have English Statesmanship at its best. That message will secure Sir E. Grey a lasting place among English Statesmen. It shows Sir E. Grey working unceasingly at the eleventh hour for peace, but quite firm and frank on the question of the national honour.

In the meanwhile, the crisis pivots on the attitude of England in view of the German mobilisation against France.

July 31st.—Sir E. Grey is informed by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs that all French advance-posts are withdrawn to a distance of ten kilometres from the frontier, so as to avoid any possibility of French aggression. The Note ends by saying: "As you see, Germany has done it," and the Minister adds that the German preparation began the day the Austrian Note was handed in.

On the evening of July 30th, the German Chancellor, who up till that moment had not found time to reply to Sir E. Grey's supreme effort to obtain the mediatory influence of the Four Powers, informs Sir E. Goschen that he was "pressing the button" at Vienna (as Sir E. Grey suggested), but that, as the results of his efforts, "matters had been precipitated rather than otherwise." The Servian efforts were "seriously handicapped" by the Russian mobilisation.

As a fact, the Tsar had wired to the German Emperor at the time, craving his mediation.

July 31st.—Sir E. Grey wires to Sir E. Goschen that England would support any reasonable proposal put forward by Germany: but that he (Grey) had "told the German Ambassador that *if France became involved, we should be drawn in.*"

To this clear statement, on Sir E. Grey's part, of the English attitude Germany replies, through Sir E. Goschen

(July 31st), that "Kriegsgefahr" will be proclaimed at once.

From St. Petersburg comes a telegram announcing Russian general mobilisation.

Now begins the question of Belgian neutrality. Sir E. Grey telegraphs to Paris and Berlin, asking for specific engagements respecting the neutrality of Belgium (July 31st).

Sir E. Grey telegraphs to Brussels that "I assume that the Belgian Government will maintain, to the utmost of her power, her neutrality."

To these inquiries of England, France replies at once, agreeing to Belgian neutrality. Belgium undertakes to uphold it. The answer of Germany is evasive.

Sir E. Goschen wires that the German Secretary of State says he must "*consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer*" (July 31st).

The delay caused by Germany's evasive answer gave the Germans a good couple of days' advantage.

Sir E. Grey wires to Berlin again.

Here is the telegram:—

No. 123.

Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen.

Foreign Office, August 1, 1914.

"Sir,

I TOLD the German Ambassador to-day that the reply* of the German Government with regard to the neutrality of Belgium was a matter of very great regret, because the neutrality of Belgium affected feeling in this country. If Germany could see her way to give the same assurance as that which had been given by France it would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here. On the other hand, if there were a violation of the neutrality of Belgium by one combatant while the other respected it, it would be extremely difficult to restrain public feeling in this country. I said that we had been discussing this question at a Cabinet meeting, and as I was authorised to tell him this I gave him a memorandum of it.

He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality we would engage to remain neutral.

* See No. 122.

I replied that I could not say that; our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. All I could say was that our attitude would be determined *largely by public opinion here*, and that the neutrality of Belgium would appeal very strongly to public opinion here. I did not think that we could give a promise of neutrality on that condition alone.

The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed.

I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

The news of the German ultimatum to Russia and France is reported to Sir E. Grey from Paris and St. Petersburg; but still no reply comes from Berlin regarding Belgian neutrality (August 1st).

August 2nd.—The Luxemburg Minister of State telegraphs that the Germans have violated the neutrality of Luxemburg.

August 1st.—Sir E. Grey wires Sir E. Goschen to ascertain the ground for the detention of British ships at Hamburg.

Augst 1st.—News comes that Austria is prepared to "discuss the substance of the ultimatum to Servia."

This readiness on the part of Austria (it should be noted) came *after the expiry* of the German ultimatum to France and Russia, after the violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg before the order of mobilisation, after Austria had consistently refused all possibility of mediation, in short, when Germany was completely mobilised.

Germany throws it down, as the following communication from Berlin shows:—

Sir E. Goschen to Sir E. Grey.

(Telegraphic.) *Berlin, August* 1, 1914.

"YOUR telegram of to-day.

I have communicated the substance of the above telegram to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and

spent a long time arguing with him that the chief dispute was between Austria and Russia, and that Germany was only drawn in as Austria's ally. If therefore Austria and Russia were, as was evident, ready to discuss matters and Germany did not desire war on her own account, it seemed to me only logical that Germany should hold her hand and continue to work for a peaceful settlement. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs said that Austria's readiness to discuss was the result of German influence at Vienna, and, had not Russia mobilised against Germany, all would have been well. But Russia by abstaining from answering Germany's demand that she should demobilise, had caused Germany to mobilise also. Russia had said that her mobilisation did not necessarily imply war, and that she could perfectly well remain mobilised for months without making war. This was not the case with Germany. She had the speed and Russia had the numbers, and the safety of the German Empire forbade that Germany should allow Russia time to bring up masses of troops from all parts of her wide dominions. The situation now was that, though the Imperial Government had allowed her several hours beyond the specified time, Russia had sent no answer. Germany had therefore ordered mobilisation, and the German representative at St. Petersburg had been instructed within a certain time to inform the Russian Government that the Imperial Government must regard their refusal to answer as creating a state of war.

The following telegram regarding the Russian position is instructive:—

No. 139.

Sir G. Buchanan to Sir Edward Grey.—(Received August 2.)

(Telegraphic.) *St. Petersburg, August* 1, 1914.

"My telegram of 31st July.

The Emperor of Russia read his telegram to the German Emperor to the German Ambassador at the audience given to his Excellency yesterday. No progress whatever was made.

In the evening M. Sazonof had an interview with the Austrian Ambassador who, not being definitely instructed

by his Government, did his best to deflect the conversation towards a general discussion of the relations between Austria-Hungary and Russia instead of keeping to the question of Servia. In reply the Minister for Foreign Affairs expressed his desire that these relations should remain friendly, and said that, taken in general, they were perfectly satisfactory; but the real question which they had to solve at this moment was whether Austria was to crush Servia and to reduce her to the status of a vassal, or whether she was to leave Servia a free and independent State. In these circumstances, while the Servian question was unsolved, the abstract discussion of the relations between Austria-Hungary and Russia was a waste of time. The only place where a successful discussion of this question could be expected was London, and any such discussion was being made impossible by the action of Austria-Hungary in subjecting Belgrade, a virtually unfortified town, to bombardment.

M. Sazonof informed the French Ambassador and myself this morning of his conversation with the Austrian Ambassador. He went on to say that during the Balkan crisis he had made it clear to the Austrian Government that war with Russia must inevitably follow an Austrian attack on Servia. It was clear that Austrian domination of Servia was as intolerable for Russia as the dependence of the Netherlands on Germany would be to Great Britain. It was, in fact, for Russia a question of life and death. The policy of Austria had throughout been both tortuous and immoral, and she thought that she could treat Russia with defiance, secure in the support of her German ally. Similarly the policy of Germany had been an equivocal and double-faced policy, and it mattered little whether the German Government knew or did not know the terms of the Austrian ultimatum; what mattered was that her intervention with the Austrian Government had been postponed until the moment had passed when its influence would have been felt. Germany was unfortunate in her representatives in Vienna and St. Petersburg: the former was a violent Russophobe who had urged Austria on, the latter had reported to his Government that Russia would never go to war. M. Sazonof was completely weary of the ceaseless endeavours he had made to avoid a war. No suggestion

held out to him had been refused. He had accepted the proposal for a conference of four, for mediation by Great Britain and Italy, for direct conversation between Austria and Russia; but Germany and Austria-Hungary had either rendered these attempts for peace ineffective by evasive replies or had refused them altogether. The action of the Austro-Hungarian Government and the German preparations had forced the Russian Government to order mobilisation, and the mobilisation of Germany had created a desperate situation.

August 2nd.—Sir E. Grey assures M. Cambon of British help

No. 148.

Sir Edward Grey to Sir F. Bertie.

(Telegraphic.) *Foreign Office, August 2, 1914.*

"AFTER the Cabinet this morning I gave M. Cambon the following memorandum:—

'I am authorised to give an assurance that, if the German fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power.

'This assurance is of course subject to the policy of His Majesty's Government receiving the support of Parliament, and must not be taken as binding His Majesty's Government to take any action until the above contingency of action by the German fleet takes place.'

I pointed out that we had very large questions and most difficult issues to consider, and that Government felt that they could not bind themselves to declare war upon Germany necessarily if war broke out between France and Germany to-morrow, but it was essential to the French Government, whose fleet had long been concentrated in the Mediterranean, to know how to make their dispositions with their north coast entirely undefended. We therefore thought it necessary to give them this assurance. It did not bind us to go to war with Germany unless the German fleet took the action indicated, but it did give a security to France that would enable her to settle the disposition of her own Mediterranean fleet.

M. Cambon asked me about the violation of Luxem-

burg. I told him the doctrine on that point laid down by Lord Derby and Lord Clarendon in 1867. He asked me what we should say about the violation of the neutrality of Belgium. I said that was a much more important matter; we were considering what statement we should make in Parliament to-morrow—in effect, whether we should declare violation of Belgian neutrality to be a *casus belli*. I told him what had been said to the German Ambassador on this point."

August 4th.—The King of the Belgians makes his dramatic appeal to King George.

August 4th.—Sir F. Villiers informs Sir E. Grey that Germany announces her intention to carry out, if necessary, by force of arms, the measures considered indispensable, to which Sir E. Grey returns this clear and courageous answer:—

Sir Edward Grey to Sir F. Villiers.

(Telegraphic.) *Foreign Office, August* 4, 1914.

"You should inform Belgian Government that if pressure is applied to them by Germany to induce them to depart from neutrality, His Majesty's Government expect that they will resist by any means in their power, and that His Majesty's Government will support them in offering such resistance, and that His Majesty's Government in this event are prepared to join Russia and France, if desired, in offering to the Belgian Government at once common action for the purpose of resisting use of force by Germany against them, and a guarantee to maintain their independence and integrity in future years."

August 4th.—The German Embassy makes an attempt to "dispel distrust," but Sir E. Grey has taken his stand, and vindicates the national honour in the following telegram to Berlin:—

Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen.

(Telegraphic.) *Foreign Office, August* 4, 1914.

"We hear that Germany has addressed Note to Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs stating that German Government will be compelled to carry out, if necessary, by force of arms, the measures considered indispensable.

We are also informed that Belgian territory has been violated at Gemmenich.

In these circumstances, and in view of the fact that Germany declined to give the same assurance respecting Belgium as France gave last week in reply to our request made simultaneously at Berlin and Paris, we must repeat that request, and ask that a satisfactory reply to it and to my telegram of this morning * be received here by 12 o'clock to-night. If not, you are instructed to ask for your passports, and to say that His Majesty's Government feel bound to take all steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and the observance of a treaty to which Germany is as much a party as ourselves."

Out of this correspondence the attitude of Germany stands as clear as the attitude taken up by Sir E. Grey. We find from the outset that Austria refuses all mediation, affecting diplomatic optimism; and that Germany firmly upholds the Austrian attitude.

It is clear that Germany believed in the unreadiness of Russia to fight; in the weakness of France; in the neutrality of England.

Not until the expiry of the German ultimatums to France and Russia does Austria consent even to discuss her attitude towards Servia; and when at last she does seem to show some readiness to help ward off a European conflagration, it is Germany who absolutely declines on the ground that, Russia having mobilised, she (Germany) could not give Russia time to concentrate on the German frontier.

On the French and Russian—particularly on the Russian—sides, these despatches reveal a quite remarkable honesty of intention; and the last throw of M. Sazonof, offering to disarm, if only Germany would put forward some formula for mediation, proves that Russia was sincerely anxious for peace.

The part played by Sir E. Grey all through is probably the most peaceful, if not Quixotic, effort ever made by a Statesman in history.

It is clear that the German Ambassador in London, wittingly or unwittingly, consistently led Sir E. Grey to believe that Germany was "pressing the button" at Vienna,

* See No. 153.

and that Sir E. Grey was apparently inclined to trust him, whereas she was, in reality, doing precisely the contrary, her own Ambassador at Vienna being a notorious anti-Russian fire-eater, and Germany arming at full speed all the time.

Sir E. Grey went to the extreme limits of even national safety. At the same time, he was splendidly firm and frank on the question of Belgian neutrality.

It was he who first sent out messages demanding declarations of Belgian neutrality, at the same time informing Germany that England would uphold the neutrality of Belgium. And when Germany violated it, Sir E. Grey's answer was war.

On the German side, then, we find that she was mobilising before she sent her ultimatums to France and Russia; that she violated the neutrality of Luxemburg before the declaration of war; that she violated international law by seizing English ships and cargoes, while professing good friendship in London for England; that, diplomatically and militarily, she was preparing a gigantic *coup de main*, while gaining time by diplomatic subterfuge, evasion, procrastination and perfidy, believing that England would never fight, and that Russia would probably back out of it.

The despatches of our respective Ambassadors at Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Vienna, and Belgrade show that none of them were, in the least, duped by Germany's attitude; that one and all gave Sir E. Grey the clearest warning of the German aim, and that they all contradicted the friendly protestations carried on by the German Ambassador to Sir E. Grey at London.

In addition to the Ambassadors, the following Sovereigns interceded on behalf of peace: King George, the King of the Belgians, and the Tsar. The notable omission is that of the Kaiser.

Not a word from him. After his return on July 26th, the German attitude became more rigid and evasive, and the most talkative man in Europe became the most silent.

The significance of this omission is all-important. His silence means that he fully approved the German attitude, and, as the German Army cannot mobilise without his permission, that he sanctioned its mobilisation. also the viola-

tion of treaties and neutral territories which ensued before the declaration of war.

These documents are the indisputable proof of the Kaiser's complicity and duplicity. At any moment he could have stopped war. As these despatches show, the question under contention ceased to be the Servian murders —nor must it be forgotten that one of the assassins, Milan Ziganovitch, was a subject of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The question was European peace, as Sir E. Grey repeatedly insisted upon. Yet the German Emperor maintained silence.

After his return to Berlin (July 26th), the semi-official German Press broke out in violent abuse of Russia, and things drifted deliberately into war, though the only thing needed to stave off the conflagration was a diplomatic formula for discussion, Russia offering immediately to disarm if only Germany would put one forward. Without doubt, had Russia and France not taken military precautions after July 29th, Germany would have caught them both unready. Without doubt the Emperor had from the outset decided to support (to insist on) Austria's unparalleled ultimatum to Servia at the risk of European war.

Psychology and Motives

By the Editor

To understand the psychology and motives of the German war-madness it is necessary to go back to the day when the Emperor William dismissed Bismarck and proclaimed the new course to be "full steam ahead." From that hour the Kaiser set up personal government in Germany. Coming to the throne on the top of the patriotic swell generated by the war of '70, the Emperor was not only able to impose his limelight personality upon a victorious people, but to intoxicate them with his doctrine of the "historic" Hohenzollern mission, based upon the teachings of Treitschke and the Pan-Germans, Paul de Legarde, Robertus, Jahn, and Frederick List, who had all preached, as end and aim of the national design, the consolidation by force of an All-Germany.

From the date of the telegram to President Kruger, which first drew the attention of the world towards him, and was so intended, the German Emperor has never looked back. And the first thing he did was to reverse all existing policies, all the old ideas, national habits and notions, and centrifugal Germanic tendencies, making as the force and expression of Germany—militarism vested in the supreme will and control of the "Kaiser-idea." Bismarck, Von Sybel, even Treitschke, Mommsen, all fell into the Imperial disfavour. He put his heel on Berlin and crushed out all individuality; on the arts;* on all that survived of pre-Sedanic sentimental, homely, simple, Philistine Germany; creating in its place an all-powerful military organisation after the manner of "Old Fritz."

We must remember that by the Constitution, the Federal Council is not responsible to the "Reichstag," or the

* For the last twenty-five years Germany has produced no notable writer, poet, painter or musician—Hauptmann, Sudermann, Strauss, Lembach, being all older than, or contemporaries of, the Kaiser. Wedekind cannot be regarded as more than a talent, or Professor Harnack more than a flunkey apologist.

Chancellor to the "Bundesrath," the Ministry being responsible to the Chancellor, and the Chancellor being responsible to the Emperor alone. The German Government is thus both powerless and irresponsible; moreover, the Kaiser, as the Supreme War Lord, is absolutely free to declare or to end war. To an energetic Sovereign, autocratically minded, the power thus given is unlimited. The Emperor took every advantage of it. The powers of the Reichstag were nil. The Press was hidebound and subservient. His personality soon became a national obsession. In the Emperor's personal composite Cabinet, no man was tolerated who was not entirely submissive and sycophantic. About the year 1900 the Emperor's doctrine of *Machtpolitik*, or Force, had become the State religion of the Empire.

Everyone knows how the Emperor used his opportunities. He gave Germany a Navy,* finding in Admiral Tirpitz a willing tool; he built the Kiel Canal; he went to Palestine as the "Champion of Mahomedamism"; he initiated the Baghdad Railway; he gave out that it was his pleasure to see Berlin the greatest "City of Pleasure" in Europe; he went to Morocco; he told Germans their future "lay on the seas"; signalled himself to the Tsar as "the Admiral of the West." Pan-Germanism, militarism, what German professors, in countless books and pamphlets, styled the "Anthropological conception of life," mass production, mass organisation, mass application, became the watchwords of the people; in other words, materialism, based on force, as opposed to the old Germanic idealism of Goethe. An economic school arose, in which the staidest German economic professors vied with one another to preach the gospel of Hohenzollern architectonics. In all the schools, in all the school books, England was proclaimed as the great enemy of Germanic expansion to her "natural" boundaries—the mouth of the Rhine, the Low German peoples, the Adriatic. Everywhere the military spirit became predominant. Drunk with success, young Germany found in the Kaiser's religion

* January 1st, 1900, the Kaiser said: "I shall reorganise my Navy, so that it shall stand on the same level as my Army, and *with its help* the German Empire shall attain to a place which it has not yet reached." No monarch ever declared his policy in plainer terms.

a doctrine after her own heart. Germans cultivated the "dynamics of power," preached daily at the universities. Deliberately, by Imperial order, Old Germany was "wiped out." The *Flottengedanke*, or Navy idea, became the idol of Germans. Modern Germany grew up on the Hohenzollern doctrine of race conquest, of force *versus* force, of conquest and war. The sword alone, Germans were told to believe, could solve the Germanic problem which it was the mission of the Kaiser to fulfil.

When the Boer War broke out we, in England, were astonished to find all Germany arrayed against us. We began to understand the nature of the Teuton policy, the meaning of Germanic Anglophobia. It led, as we know, to the *Entente* with France—the policy which Germans called the "coalition policy" of King Edward—to "round up" Germany in Europe by a system of hostile alliances.

Immediately, as the result of the *Entente Cordiale*, the Pan-German League petitioned the Chancellor to seize the West Coast and Hinterland of Morocco as "suitable compensation." The Kaiser went to Morocco, landed, and declared, in a speech at Tangier, that the Sultan of Morocco "is an absolutely independent sovereign."

Germany's Moroccan policy with France need not be recalled. The point is that Germany, regarding France as a negligible quantity, ever since that visit used Morocco as a kind of unedited Ems telegram, partly to test the quality of England's arrangement with France, but chiefly with a view to browbeat that Power whenever it pleased Germany.

Up to Algeciras, however, the German Emperor had maintained the foundation stone of German policy laid down as axiomatic by Bismarck—friendship with Russia. Time after time Bismarck warned his countrymen that Germany could never "risk a war with Russia," however important it might be for Austria to seek to expand to her "natural" boundaries. Bismarck's great fear was always the renovation of the "Kaunitz Coalition"—France, Russia, Austria. His whole outlook was governed by this necessity of "Reinsurance" with Russia, and until the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese the Emperor William held to it. Muscovite "demands" invariably had the ear of the Wilhelmstrasse. "Pogroms," Armenian and Mace-

donian atrocities always found Berlin "indifferent." When England complained of the passage of Russian torpedo craft through the Dardanelles, Germany regarded it as a "local" question (1902). The "Manchurian question" (before the Russo-Japanese War) was "not Germany's concern." But after Mukden, Germans came to regard the Russians with the same kind of contempt as they regarded the French. The victory of the Japanese was the last thing anticipated by Germany. Once more it showed the Kaiser how "wrong" Bismarck had been. The Russian "bugbear" was gone. Germany felt herself to be militarily supreme in Europe. Her Philo-Turkish policy seemed to ensure the position of Turkey in Europe as the buffer State between Germany and Russia on the one hand, and as the trade artery between Hamburg and Baghdad on the other. After the Russian War it became the fashion for the youngsters in the German Navy to drink to the "great day (with England) about the year 1913."

A Prophetic forecast!

How has it been brought about?

Once more we must seek the cause in the action of the Kaiser. Hostile as Prince Bülow always was to England, he always held steadfastly to the Bismarckian pro-Russian tradition. It was he who secured the fall of M. Delcassé, by reinsuring himself with Russia. Then, in turn, he fell, and M. Delcassé returned to office (1911).

Since then the German Emperor has been *absolutely his own Chancellor*. The German policy of the "mailed fist" had, to all intents and appearances, "come off." France had been bullied successfully time after time. Even the Austrian Bosnian *coup*, in wrecking the Treaty of Berlin, had been swallowed by Russia. Germany, "in shining armour," had awed Europe. Moreover, the price Austria paid was the creation of the Austrian Dreadnoughts. From that hour the difficult ethnic problem of the Austro-Hungarian German Alliance was solved. Germany's help welded again the two Empires together. It made Austria the vassal of Berlin, reconsolidated the Austrian arm of the Triple Alliance, even if German politicians began clearly at the time to understand that Italy could not be counted on as an "active partner" against France.

But with the Kaiser his own master, unfettered by a

Chancellor with either influence or policy, Germany seemed, in 1911, to have arrogated to herself the position that Napoleon occupied in Europe after Jena, without ever having fired a shot. There were powerful pro-German agencies at work in England—Pro-Germanism, in fact, became a Party affair, the concern of Mr. Stiggins. The Liberal Government were reported to be working strenuously for "German friendship," in the conviction of the Kaiser's "peace policy," and the new Chancellor took his cue accordingly. Although Germany kept on increasing her Navy by all the resources in her power, there was a strong movement in England for an "agreement" with Germany. The Emperor had good reason to believe that the English *entente* with France was weakening, that, in short, England might even be detached from it. German publicists wrote openly of a "wave of sloppiness" emasculating England; there were the women; there were the "Peace men"; there was the universal belief, held in Germany, that the Liberal Government would never draw the sword on behalf of France.

King Edward was dead—Russia had been crushed by the Japanese. Nobody in Germany feared France. On the other hand, the German Navy was now the second (on paper) in Europe, and Austria had taken a new life of national consciousness and aggression, promising excellently for the ethnic landslide down to Salonika, which was to be the German jumping-off board to Asia Minor. The Emperor could well point to tangible results. He had kept the peace—if mainly by means of threats. He had made Germany a "world sea-Power." Men in England publicly spoke of him as the "popular Kaiser," even as the margin of superiority of English capital ships kept diminishing year by year. In Germany he had won "hands down." Parliamentary Social Democracy had effected nothing. He had accomplished the task of the Great Elector —the Germans were at last "all Germans."

A great wave of materialism swept over the country. Berlin had become the "fastest" town in Europe. All the world over men spoke of German "thoroughness," German science, German organisation, German power and German culture. The German significance was apparent to all. Force seemed to radiate from the whole Teutonic Empire.

Krupp guns, German steel, German cavalry charges—Europe looked on in silence. The watchword "With God and Kaiser" seemed in very truth to have created an invincible people under the spell of a mediæval and sinister despot.

Then came the astonishing and unexpected double war in the Balkans, resulting in the complete transformation of power in Southern and Central Europe to the advantage of the Slav. With the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, German near-Eastern policy collapsed. The rise of Servia changed the whole position for Germany, diplomatically, economically, and strategically. Germany saw herself hemmed in where least she had expected it, with an ancillary tongue of Russia running right under her base. As she had misjudged the Russo-Japanese war, so she misjudged the Balkan war. The rout of the Turks was an utter surprise to her. From the military point of view—the only point of view held by Germany—the result of the war was disastrous to the German ambition.* With characteristic promptitude the Kaiser answered it.

The Kaiser's answer was the *Fifty Million German War Loan* (1913) promulgated "in the name of God."

Its meaning was obvious. The money was largely to be spent on fortifications and "strategic structures" on the Eastern frontiers. Germany meant to fight. From that date the Kaiser looked exclusively towards the East. From that date Russo-German relations began sensibly to deteriorate. At the time, THE ENGLISH REVIEW wrote (April, 1913): "The game now is between Germany and Russia. Germany will neither listen to sense nor remonstrance. As there is no justification for her war fever, so there will be no justification for her actions. She will arm and attack if, and when, she pleases. The whole European situation is curiously similar to the terrorism of Buonaparte. The War Drum is beating in Europe. On the question of the stability of France, English opinion will have to take a decision, and it will be the turning-point in European history."

A word now about the psychology of the Kaiser, who is

* As the result of the dislocation of power in the Balkans, German export and import trade in those parts very materially diminished during the last year.

that dangerous compound, a religious mystic. In Germany his nature is perfectly understood, his chief characteristic being "sudden inspiration," what the Germans call *Plötzlichkeit*. The Kruger telegram is an example. The visit to Morocco was undertaken at a moment's notice. Pathologically, the Emperor is a man liable to violent starts and fitfulness. It is a well-known thing in the Emperor's entourage that no man knows what the Emperor may do on the morrow. If proof were needed we have but to consider the extraordinary waywardness and changeability of German diplomacy during the last twenty years, and we can see at once how irresponsible the German course has been, now friendly to France, now bullying her; now approaching England, now insulting her; a policy which thoughtful Germans long ago denounced as "Imperial Patriarchism," leading to that spirit of chronic *malaise* which has been so typical of modern Germany. To this must be added the Emperor's "versatility," his passion for tall talk, telegrams, speeches, for pomp and theatricality; in short, the Plötzlichkeit-Kaiser, as he is called in the Fatherland, has always been the subject of ominous fear and speculation.

The influence of such an autocrat made itself felt throughout Germany in the triumph of mediocrity—all personality being anathema to the Kaiser, who gathered round him only willing servants, placemen, and soldiers; and what kind of men these were was revealed very conspicuously by the "scandals" of the Emperor's "Round Table," denounced by the journalist, Harden. Germans have long recognised the danger of this one-man rule. In Bavaria men have for years protested against the Prussianification policy of the Kaiser, the government of drill and militarism, the perils of reliance upon the all-wisdom of a single man, the absence of all constitutional check and control, the absolute sovereignty of the First War Lord, supported by the fighting military class and the huge civilian army of bureaucratic mediocrities.

The Emperor's way of "suddenly doing the unexpected" is well known to all Germans. When, a short time before the outbreak of the present war, the Kaiser one night ordered the "full mobilisation" of all the regiments quartered in and round Berlin (amounting to some 50,000 men), Europe saw no hidden design; it never occurred to

us that the Emperor had his reasons for "testing" the readiness of Brandenburg; from that day, none the less, in Germany men prepared for the crisis of war.

Thus Germany has been dragooned by the Kaiser on militarism, military arrogance and swagger, overweening pride and cocksureness, braced for war whenever it might suit the Emperor to declare it. The Cambridge professors who write of a peace-loving Germany are dreamers, grotesquely ignorant of modern Germany. To understand the German mind we must remember that ever since Algeciras, Prussianism, which contains all the controlling forces in Germany, has been spoiling for the "*Gewaltsame Auseinandersetzung*," or forcible settlement. Up to the year 1909 Germany expected England to attack because, obviously, it was not to the interest of Great Britain to allow the German Navy to approach the margin of "the fighting chance"; and good German sportsmen openly expressed the opinion that if England did not seek to destroy the German Navy before it had grown too strong, she was either a fool or afraid. Let me recall what happened in April–May, 1907, as the result of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's article, published in the weekly, *The Nation*, in which he proposed a General Disarmament discussion at the projected Hague Conference. Immediately a war panic broke out all over Germany. The Army was mobilised. The Navy was cleared for action. I was in Germany at the time. A high official in the German Foreign Office told me that it was "the most diabolic ruse to force Germany into isolation," and that if England carried it out, Germany would fight for her life."*

Since then a more sober view has obtained in Germany, and it became the object of the Emperor and Admiral Tirpitz to allay English suspicions and proceed with the building of the German Navy. In which task the German-English policy of Imperial "*petits soins*," blandishments, and subterranean influence proved (as we can now grimly look back upon) signally successful.

* In a little book, "England and Germany," published 1907 (Macmillan), I wrote:—"In the event of hostilities Germany would invade France within a few hours after the declaration of war directly *through Belgium*; nor is there any doubt that all her military plans are drawn up with that intention."

No doubt, after 1908, a better feeling towards England did arise in Germany, in Bavaria in particular; unfortunately, German policy is controlled neither by feeling nor sentiment. What is quite certain is that the German Navy was being built for the issue with England, as Admiral Tirpitz said to me once at a private dinner-party, "to assert Germany's right of say on the seas." There was never the smallest secrecy about that in Germany. The only fear was "would England allow us to grow strong enough at sea to risk it?" The various Moroccan crises all seemed to show that England would refrain as long as she could, and they were regarded by Germans as useful tests of England's attitude. But though things looked peaceful enough, Germany was always expecting the war, and since Russia's defeat no longer even feared it. That is the key to Germany's outbreak. Germans stood in the centre of Europe penned in—some day they would have to "hack their way through." That has been the common sentiment for the last nine years. Mothers have brought up their sons to expect it. That is why the Germans wrecked the first Hague Conference and nearly went to war when the most peaceful Premier England ever had proposed another. As a nation in arms, the Germans were on the constant look-out for the "opportunity." The grand adventure and the rise of an All-Germany has been the subject of thousands of books, lectures, pamphlets, and newspaper articles, in which professorial and intellectual Germany played a conspicuous part. *Furor Teutonicus* has been the constant dream of middle and upper class Germany.

While for some years past it has been the object of German diplomacy to play upon English sentimentality by conjuring up recollections of the "Old Fatherland" of Kant and Goethe, of music and the professors, of Michael with his beer and sausage sandwiches, as a fact so complete has been the Emperor's education of his people that now for years (since the *Panther* incident, to be exact) the German Press—under the direct guidance of the Press Bureau in the Foreign Office—has written of the Emperor as "The Peace Kaiser," "The pusillanimous War Lord," "Our Poltroon Hohenzollern," &c., nor have the stringent laws of *lèse Majesty* ever been enforced. All this was part of the Emperor's game. It upheld the fiction of "William

the Peaceful." It had its considered effect upon English politicians. It invested the Emperor with a halo of mystery. Above all, it acted in a very insidious and subtle way as a national irritant. Germans felt gratified at the thought of being more militant than their Emperor. They felt they were leading him, as they did in the days of the deliberately worked-up outbreak of Anglophobia. Thus the spirit of war has been kept up all the time. To keep Germans up to the war mark has been the avowed policy of the Government. The recent talk of peace, disarmament, and "Grand Illusions" has been scouted by Germans as fantastic nonsense. General Bernhardi's book has been their gospel, so much so that in recent years even the leaders of Social Democracy have openly come into line with the "defensive" argument of German military policy.

The effect of militarism upon modern Germany has been —and there is no other word for it—the brutalisation of the finer feelings of humanity. Based on a misreading of Nietzsche, Max Stirner and egocentric theories of life, the general attitude of the Germans has been moulded on the copybook of the drill sergeant. Dozens of German novels have described it. "*Drauf Schlagen*" (smash your way through) is the common principle, and it is acted on through all classes of society. Brutality in Germany is synonymous with virility. The Berlin police are notorious for their brutality. The treatment of horses is sickening—the lash is a German driver's sole remedy. I have seen cavalry horses flogged till they shrieked. The German working-classes are the roughest in the world. As the Emperor has deliberately fostered the use of duelling, so in all classes "bullying" is countenanced and encouraged. When two Germans meet it becomes a question which shall treat the other "like a dog." Towards women the German manner is an institution. In the schools boys are whipped with a ferocity hardly to be credited. As for the Army, the Socialists are never tired of bringing forward cases of men driven to suicide by sergeants and officers; indeed, the Army scandals are the stock "copy" of every newspaper. It is not that Germans are cruel—they have become brutal as part of the deliberate national training. Pity is a word expunged from their vocabulary. That is why the South Germans hate the Prussians so fiercely. To anyone who knows modern Ger-

many the accounts of German brutalities in the present war cannot cause the smallest surprise. When the Chancellor informed the Reichstag (August 4th) that "necessity knows no law," and that Germans had broken into Belgium, he merely expressed what every German there knew to be the German war attitude; nor was there a man present who was not aware that the German offensive would take the field through Belgium.

A Governance by bullies obviously shuts out much of the intelligence of the country. Diplomatically, German blundering has been exhibited on countless occasions during the last decade. Vertiginous arrogance, which has been the characteristic of modern Germany, is not likely to produce either statesmen or soldiers. We must remember that Germans sincerely believed their Army to be invincible; that it was only through the staying hand of the Kaiser that it was not years ago set in motion. Germans have often told me that £700,000,000 would be the "next" French indemnity—I mention it because it shows the spirit. There is no humility in the Fatherland. This German arrogance is bound to play a great part in the war. The Kaiser's war tactics have frequently been denounced by Germans, by Colonel Gaedke notably. It is commonly assumed that they are based on "mass shock tactics," regardless of life. Militarily, I am not qualified to speak, but at the last German manœuvres I attended (in Poland), I shall never forget the plight of the German infantry and artillery sullenly waiting to be ridden down by the great cavalry attack, which was three hours late in coming. We could see the horses cantering along two hours before the charge. "Why don't you get on to that strategic crest?" I asked an officer. "Why wait in the hollow to be attacked?" And he smiled. "We are here to be ridden down," he replied, "or the Kaiser's charge would fail." So they waited and were duly ridden down. An English officer present said to me afterwards, "If they do that in war, the Germans will be wiped out."

If it is asked why Germany attacked all Europe, what motives could she have for risking the long-prophesied Armageddon, the answer is that war is the logical result of Germany's war system, the end for which the German Stratocracy was created. In *The Times* (August 11th) a

very interesting account was given of the Emperor's personal feelings about the Sarajevo murders, which, in his position of Kaiser "by divine right," he naturally regarded as a personal insult to Majesty. But the real reason is more than pathological: it is that the Emperor regarded the right moment to have arrived for the trial of strength which should complete the German destiny.

The war was undertaken to found the "Greater" Germany, as the Prussian Monarchy was the military creation of the Mark Brandenburg, as the German Empire, with its union with Austria, was the realisation by war of Bismarck's policy of "Blood and Iron," which ever since has been the cognisance of the Imperial Government. The whole State organisation of Prussia (Germany) has been military from top to bottom through history. Its social system is military. Its monarchs have always been soldiers. The entire *régime* of the country is martial, maintained by the military Junker classes, whose sole profession is war, an aristocratic caste ruling and trained for war, under the supreme command of the Monarch. There is, and can be, no true public opinion, no free Press, in Germany, because of this warlike class fetich, which has a monopoly of all government, all social position, all authority, privilege and prestige.

The sole justification of the military Junker classes being war—the successful results of war—Germany, under the Hohenzollern Emperor, existed avowedly for that purpose, and boasted of its challenge. In a hundred speeches the Emperor has proclaimed the German policy—to "strike terror" into all foes of the Fatherland. Those who argue that Germans have been duped into the present war must be unable to read history.

The truth is that Germans, even the Bavarians, with their Catholicism and æsthetic tastes, long ago accepted the Bismarckian-Hohenzollern conception of State reason which, whether it be styled *Realpolitik* or Military Despotism, stood there in Europe for war. I have often talked this matter over with* Germans of all trades and always I have received this answer: "Man is a fighting animal.

* International brotherhood is one of the leading principles of Social Democracy. It is right to say that German Socialists do not share the German view.

Fighting is therefore natural and, so, justifiable. The Germans are fighters, the Germans, therefore, will fight and have the right to fight for the possessions of the world, on land and on sea."

To argue that Germans were not ready for this war is ignorance—they have been expecting such an outbreak for years, only they thought the Emperor would not "take on" England and Russia at the same time. Talk of the European conflagration has been as common during the last five years in Germany as was for years the "spring war" in the Balkans. As a fact, upper and *bourgeois* Germany have talked battles all this summer. Professors in Berlin have said: "We won't stand this much longer," and if you asked them what they meant by "this," they said: "Oh, the Franco-Russian menace!" What they implied was that Germany considered the position of the Slav had grown too strong and that Germany, as is her wont, would not permit it. In this attitude, the German women encouraged their men. At the height of the outbreak of Anglophobia in Germany during the Boer War, the Emperor, surprised at its virulence, asked Dr. v. Symens, who knew England and the English well, the inspirer of the German Anatolian Railway, what was its cause; and Dr. Symens replied—"the women." He was right. German women have kept up the anti-English spirit ever since. Military despotism does not make for humanitarian sentiment. I have heard intelligent German women say at their own tables that nothing could give them greater pleasure than for their sons to die in a naval battle against the English. All through this summer, ever since the Balkan War, German women have acclaimed Germany's right to "break out." Nor can there be any doubt, indeed, the proof lies in the "Diplomatic Correspondence," of which a *précis* is given in this issue, that it was the German object to seize the mouth of the Rhine and push to the sea through Belgium, as part spoils of the "conquest."

"He is a fool," Frederick the Great said, "and that nation is a fool, who, having the power to strike his enemy unawares, does not strike and strike his deadliest." Such has been the motto of Hohenzollern-Germany ever since. And when, in 1911, President Taft's "message" of brotherhood resounded through the world, it was Herr Bethmann-Holl-

weg (the present Chancellor, till recently regarded by half our pro-German Government and a Party school of "politicians," as the Anglophil friend of peace and culture) who gave the German answer in Bismarckian language: "The vital strength of a nation is the only measure of that nation's armaments." Again, to Mr. Winston Churchill's "Naval holiday" (1911), to Mr. Haldane's visit to Berlin, the Emperor's answer was the great War Loan. General Bernhardi's watchword, "World-Power or Downfall," is the accepted reason of German State policy, the end of the Imperial design. To arm, to force European armaments to the breaking-point—to that point when one by one the other nations felt they would either have to stop the mad expenditure or fight—such has been Germany's cynical peace policy, hailed in this country as friendly and progressive. That Germany set out to fight England and Russia as well as France is due simply to the arrogant stupidity of the Emperor and the Emperor's soldier advisers—Bismarck certainly would never have attempted it. It is due to the Kaiser's miscalculation of the English character, to his misreading of history.

That war had become imminent after the War Loan of 1913 was plain to all serious students of foreign affairs. For ten years the peace of Europe had hung on his Majesty's pleasure. It had only been averted at the time of Austria's Bosnian coup by the "climbing down" of Russia, as, on various occasions over Morocco, war had only been staved off by the climbing down of the French.* Convinced as he (and all Germany) was that England would not move, the Emperor without a doubt thought he could "take on" France and Russia by rolling up the French armies before the Russians could take the offensive. That is the explanation of the furious anti-English outbreaks in Germany when it became known that England was "coming in." From the military German point of view, the Slav arm at Germany's base was certainly a serious matter. The

* For the last two years the attitude of the French, soldiers and civilians, has been one of quiet and expectant resolution, for France had made up her mind not to put up with any further German indignities. In May of this year in Paris, I found everybody ready for war, which was openly talked of as "a continual and insupportable menace." Everywhere I inquired I heard the conviction expressed that "this time the Germans would get a full run for their money."

Emperor had been told that civil war in Ireland would keep England quiet; it was August; France was at the seaside Tangoing; the French President was away; Russia was reported to be "concerned," but not bellicose; in the summer weather the armies could move quickly; we may be sure that the Emperor thought the time propitious, the cause both justified and logical for German's great "expansion." In a word, the Emperor went war-mad, as he had taught all Germans to understand that on the chosen day he would.

The Task of the Allies

THE Spartan example set by the Belgians, set by the defenders of Liège, has given the watchword to Allied Europe. It is clear that the Germans never anticipated resistance in Belgium, that they expected the mere presence of the German soldiery in Belgian territory to strike the "terror" needful for submission. For years Belgium has been assiduously "courted" *ad hoc* by Germany, apart from the pan-German racial pretension. When King Leopold went to Berlin at the time of the "Congo Atrocities" the whole German press welcomed him with adulations. Only the other day the Kaiser was received "Royally" at Brussels. For a long time past in pan-German circles Belgium has been called the "West Mark." But the military evidence alone is enough to show that the Emperor confidently thought that his regiments would march through "smiling" Belgium, pushing through into France, and so fall upon the French unexpectedly from behind and crumble up the necessarily long French line of defence on the frontiers.

The Belgians have frustrated the whole German "surprise," which was to strike quickly and decisively. Without any doubt, Liège will stand out as one of the great cornerstones in history. As a military achievement it will take rank among the most heroic achievements of all time; but apart from its positive influence upon the German plan, its moral influence will be decisive upon the entire future course of the campaign. Caught unawares, ignored and attacked solely because she was supposed to be "helpless," Belgium has been plunged into the horrors of war, invaded and brutalised in a manner reminiscent only of Prussia's attack on Denmark in 1864, as part of the then German scheme of territorial aggrandisement; and Belgium has shattered the great myth of German invincibility, has arrested the treacherous offensive of Berlin, has given the call to civilisation to rise up and shatter the monstrous war-madness of the Emperor at last revealed in his true light to an astounded Europe.

The duty and task of Allied Europe is thus defensive and punitive. Civilisation stands to-day in the position

it was forced into a century ago, only the cannibalism this time comes from Germany. At the present moment the honour of peoples is at stake. The cause for which the Allied Forces have been compelled to take up arms is the sacred cause of Liberty. Law, progress, respect for national and civic rights, responsibilities and obligations, communal and individual decency, all that civilisation has learnt to prize and uphold, all that man holds dear—his home, his liberty, his country, his independence—these things Europe is fighting for with an absolutely clean conscience. Not a nation in Europe wanted war or thought of war a month ago. We who have no quarrel with the Germans *qua* Germans, who admire them intensely, who demand nothing more than to live and let live, are fighting now once more the great battle of civilisation, as we fought for it in the Napoleonic era. What Europe is fighting to-day is the madness of the greatest military monarchism the world has ever known. The Germans are fighting France and Russia, Belgium and England not for any grievance political, diplomatic, economic, dynastic, princely or religious, but because for predatory motives their Emperor considered the time had come for the long-heralded German attack upon the old map of Europe; the barriers of peoples which shut out the German flag from the seas, which kept Germany a geographical prisoner in the centre of Europe, a map marked out, as Germans contend, during the period of shame and disintegration of the German peoples. It is a war of the Huns,* the deliberate attempt on the part of Germans to impose the doctrine of might upon Europe, to conquer and crush down nationalities, to break out over Europe after the manner of savage tribes, and spread by force the Germanic arm. In its entire conception the German invasion is Napoleonic. It is what Germans have long spoken of as the "Great Day." They are fighting to expand, ruthlessly to destroy, to superimpose Germanism upon Western and South Central Europe; to claim the mouths of the Rhine and the Danube, to flout every canon of civilisation, to carry death and destruction into the hamlets of the weaker peoples and strangle their independ-

* "When you meet the foe you will smash him. No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Gain the reputation of the Huns of Attila."—The Kaiser to his troops (the Boxer Expedition, July 27th, 1900).

ence, to burn, slay and subjugate the less warlike civilisations for the glory of Teutonic ambition.

And this war is the logical and only possible result of the giant armament system imposed upon Europe in self-defence by German militarism. To the Allies it is thus in the truest sense of the word a religious war. No question of dogma, of "Holy Places." It is the struggle, the "bust-up," of materialism, the inevitable clash between the polarities of Might *versus* Right which govern Europe.

So European civilisation stands upon its trial. The triumph of German arms would mean the breakdown of humanity under the despotism of Force. It would sanctify the rights of brute conquest, and destroy all vestige of national liberty in Europe. If the enthusiasm which inspires the German soldiers is glory, the fire glowing in the veins of every unit of the Allied Forces is the religious flame of justice. Never have peoples fought for a nobler cause. Every shot fired in its name is aimed against tyranny, brutality, military fanaticism, despotism, barbarism. The defence of the little peoples of Europe has become a sacred right. For failure spells ruin and the unutterable shame of what we call civilisation. Success, the driving back of the Germanic invasion, means hope—the hope civilisation will at last have won to—to realise itself for higher ends and truer purposes; to start afresh on nobler lines and for greater causes; to establish finer patterns of polity and social governance, happier conditions—to remove the incubus of the past.

This is certain. The German aim does not stop at the mere defeat of the French, the holding up of the Russian advance. It is far deeper. Germany's object is the deliberate attempt to fight to the coasts. On the way, France was to be crippled; Belgium to be annexed, and in all probability Holland; the Balkan States were to be crushed and devastated; Austria-Hungary was to effect the long-cherished "landslide" down to Constantinople; and as a result Denmark, too, would have been incorporated. These things have long been the avowed ambition of pan-Germans, of the Military Party, largely of intellectual Germany*; of the German women. It is a war of race.

* This is the war of aristocratic and middle-class Germany. The poor are only the tools of the German despotism.

THE TASK OF THE ALLIES

The technical cause of the war—Austria's claim to punish Servia—is the merest pretext. Germany had but to find a diplomatic formula and Austria would have been permitted to chastise Servia as much as she liked. She refused. At any time the Emperor could have stopped the crisis before the outbreak of hostilities. He refused. Germany had decided to strike. With the desperation that she decided to strike, so we may be sure she will fight.

Let no one think this war has been lightly engaged upon, or that the Germans will show a craven spirit. Whatever German strategy will reveal, we must count on a death struggle. To the Germans, to the German Empire, above all, to the Hohenzollern Emperor William, this war means life or death: on its issue the entire future of the German Empire depends, the fate of the German military classes, and of the Prussian military system—*the fate of the Kaiser.* He knows that German defeat carries with it his certain death. Born fanatic, soldier by the ancestral tradition of centuries, he will fight as Frederick fought, as the Barbarossas fought, as the Great Electors of Brandenburg fought, in the spirit of the "Mark." The German Army will fight with him. As time goes on and German soldiers begin to realise the stupendous resistance they have conjured up, the magnitude of the task before them, we may be sure the national character of the struggle will fire them to deeds of magnificent bravery and stubbornness. To count on the breakdown of German finance would be quite wrong. To imagine that Germans at home will rise up in "peace demonstrations," is to misjudge the German character. On both sides now war is regarded as a religious duty. Every German will soon have it borne in upon him that he is fighting for his Fatherland, for the German place in history, for all that Bismarck and Moltke, Roon and the war of 1870 gave to him. He will die for these things. All the men who lead him are traditional soldiers—they will not fail. Germany, All-Germany, is fighting for history. They have gone into war determined to conquer at all costs, anyhow. They will wage war desperately, no matter what mistakes the German staff makes, no matter what holocausts are demanded of them. Indeed, the mad storm of Liège proves it. Their whole military training is based on the principle of "shock tactics." Let us remember that, and respect these men. They

will attack like the Japanese. The battles they will fight will be the bloodiest affairs in history.

That the Germans will make many mistakes, will sacrifice men ruthlessly and stupidly is to be expected—"gun carrion" is the German soldier's trust. They have always scorned the lessons of the modern arm, revealed in the Boer war. "We can afford to lose men," is the axiom of German military science. Almost alone in Europe, the Germans have had no experience of modern warfare. The contingent they sent out to China was notoriously the worst equipped. At the manœuvres, their serried ranks, their mass attacks and toy cavalry charges, have been the annual dismay of every foreign military attaché in the field. We may count confidently on terrible German losses, but we should remember that in German *Kriegsspiel* lives are of no account.

There is another point not to be overlooked—the Socialism in the Army (over four millions voted "red" at the last elections); the known hatred of the men for their officers and sergeants, due to the brutality of the discipline. That, too, will play a part. There is a soul in all victorious Armies, which, with the Germans, is lacking. Every French soldier worshipped Napoleon. To the German soldiers the Kaiser means nothing personal. Here the cynicism of modern materialistic Germany will work with deadly destruction. It is not conceivable that these Germans will fight with the solidarity of the French and Belgians, fighting for their very homes. There can be no God with the Germans battling for vainglory. The spirit of brutality running right through the Army is not an asset of strength in a struggle for life. We may be sure of that. When the real struggle for Germany begins, these things will count desperately.

None the less, the Allies must be prepared to fight to the death. And Europe will win. Already the Belgians have struck the note of the war—the vindication of the little peoples. Once more, to the astonishment of Bismarckian Germany, it is a little nation which has saved Europe, united Europe as never before in the modern world. There is no question of diplomacy about it. The independence which Belgium is fighting for is the key to the whole situation. The German attack, which is the

climax of monarchic and military alliances, systems and despotisms, has been challenged at the outset by what was regarded as the most insignificant military people in Europe. What Belgium has struck for is the old principle of Freedom. It is the justification of nationality, the ideal ruthlessly destroyed by Prussia and Bismarck, as a great many observers at the time, including Disraeli, predicted. Instead of an upholder of peace, the European system of Alliances—the Panjandrum Concert of the Powers—has been the inevitable cause of the conflagration—at the expense of the little peoples. It is for these peoples, primarily, that the Allies are fighting. Already their spirit has been seized in the Tsar's proclamation of independence to the Poles. So, at the very beginning of the war, the fell work of Catherine, Maria Teresa, and Frederick has been swept away in the cause of humanity and national independence. It sounds the clarion call of Allied Europe. It is Europe's answer to Germanic invasion, the blast of Victory and Freedom.

At the end of this war there will be vast changes, upheavals and subversions. As civilisation is now fighting for its life's justification, so as the inevitable result that civilisation will change. The old order of things will go with the old ideas of Monarchical government, with the musty Feudal system of Kings and military autocracies which, as we have seen, have burst by process of self-combustion. Entirely new ideas, social and political, will come into the world, for militarism, as such, lies in its death grapple. The spirit of man will come into life as the result of his victory, and the old social systems which survive in Europe will disappear. The peoples will take over the right of war into their own hands. As the struggle for freedom, this is the people's war: it will be the people's victory. With it, a new political science will arise. Germany, who went into the war blessed by the Kaiser "with God," has shown up, as nothing else could, the inept anachronism of ecclesiastical Christianity powerless to prevent this hideous crime, yet invoked grotesquely by Germans to lead and anoint them. It is a quaint thought that the most Catholic country in the world started the war; that Catholic and Protestant Germans are fighting against Catholic and Protestant defenders. Insensate,

hollow and powerless, ecclesiastical wooden Christianity stands revealed to the world, and it will go with all the other mediæval legacies and shibboleths of antiquity. This war will be the great clearing-house of civilisation. As its result, enlightened man will start anew. The fog of mediæval superstitions will be blown away. It will close the book of history as written by the schoolmen, the heroics of the Carlyles and the Treitschkes—the copybook history of Kings, with their courtiers' intrigues, battles, princely feuds, and chapters of religious tyranny. It is the final and inevitable cataclysm of rotten, effete, and mischievous survivals, heralding the dawn of a saner and nobler epoch.

All this is inevitable. For years civilisation has stood on the brink of the *débâcle*. For years Europe has groaned under the insensate weight of armaments, hanging on the fear of this or that monarch's displeasure, entangled in the irresponsible and anachronistic system of secret diplomacy vested in the power of some half dozen more or less unknown individuals. It is inconceivable that man—not to speak of modern woman—will emerge from this field of blood, the old-time pawn of militarism. When the dead are all buried, there will have to be a totally new conception of national responsibility, national government and authority. "Never again" will have to be the watchword of enlightened Europe, never again will men tolerate the old dark secrecy of Courts and Governments, the huge systems of military autocracy, the delirium of vested kingship. Fitly, logically, the European system has crumbled down, because an Archduke* was assassinated, a man whom the Germans themselves regarded with undisguised mistrust: notoriously a religious fanatic, an element of discord and danger, whose advent to the throne was commonly spoken of by Austrians as the "storm signal" in Europe.

What form these changes will take, how they will take place, whether by internal revolutions or by the accord of the people's representatives, it is too early to predict, perhaps unwise to attempt to. But these changes will come sure enough. This war is the last struggle of old pipeclay Europe, its final act of desperation, inevitable and neces-

* The full story of the murders has yet to be told. We may very possibly hear that his assassination was not wholly distasteful to Germany.

sary. It is the breakdown of material greed, gross conceptions of life, false values, false idols, false gods and their derivative human mannequins, and its effects will purify and remodel the world.

In the meanwhile, the ghastly duty of Allied Europe is war—war carried on against the German invasion to the last extremities. We English once more have been favoured by fortune. The avowed enemy of this country, the people who were getting ready by every means in their power to challenge our supremacy on the seas, to destroy our Navy, and wrest our Colonies from us—this enemy by the superlative folly of arrogant militarism now finds itself at grips not only with the two most powerful forces on land, but with the supreme power at sea. Almost it would seem a Providence watched over Britain's interests. For us—and the assertion is made in no spirit of braggadocio, but very deliberately as the result of calm observation and reflection—this war cannot but end beneficially to us in every sense of the word. We could never have fought the Germans on land without an army. Within ten years, had the peace of Europe been upheld, we should have had to fight for our very homes with Germany on the seas. This chance, which, with our pacific political notions might have well reached the point of jeopardy, has been spared to us. The German onslaught will break itself against the guns of France and Belgium, against the guns of Russia. Our business is the destruction of the German Navy. As the certain result of the war, Europe will be financially stricken down, destitute, its trade largely shattered, its financial system maimed, its mechanism in a state of chaos. We, in our little Island—almost alone in Europe—will remain immune. Our sea power is our world power. The gigantic wealth of the country will be ready when normal conditions come round again to step in and play the banker—we and America. Secure from invasion, England will find herself, at the end of the war, in much the same position towards Europe that we stood in after Waterloo. It will give the needed stimulus to English manufacturers, almost compel Englishmen to provide much of what hitherto came from Germany. Our merchants, our middlemen, our buyers and sellers will almost inevitably take over many of the markets formerly held by Germans.

We shall be able to lend where all Europe is a borrower. Economically, the war will give England the greatest commercial impetus it has ever received, nor can anything, short of the destruction of our Navy, prevent it.

During the war, of course, we shall suffer with the rest of Europe, but infinitesimally less in comparison with all the other nations, thanks to our insular position, thanks, above all, to the British Navy. It is, indeed, as if fortune had conspired to perpetuate the wealth and significance of this country. The idea of panic in England is fantastic. Any man who preserves a sane outlook can see the inevitable economic results of the present conflagration, the need there will be for money and goods and markets, the destitution of commercial Europe, beggared and hungry. The succour necessary England will provide. Those markets England will come into. The money England will furnish. Had the god of Fate been asked to bestow upon England the greatest possible gift in his power, he could have given us nothing half so profitable, half so improbably providential. With the folly of madness, Germany has cast all her wealth, national greatness, strength, hegemony, and fortunes into the crucible of a war which is bound to destroy her. Her military and naval strength will be broken; her wealth will be dissipated; her markets will be forfeited. All that she has achieved in world-power she will lose. And the moral effect of the German crash will be even greater. The war will knit together, not only the English peoples, but the entire English-speaking world. It is impossible for America not to feel the repercussion of the great European disaster; it is inconceivable that she should not respond to it. She will. As blood is thicker than water, so this Teutonic invasion, which is nothing less than an onslaught on civilisation, will kindle, in the entire English-speaking world, that union of spirit and sentiment which hitherto has been lacking—the brotherhood of a common civilisation, built up on the pillars and altar of freedom. Instead of the consolidation of the Germanic peoples—the object of the Kaiser's war—it is the English-speaking peoples who will, perforce, be welded together, united in a common cause. One of the great principles which this war will bring before humanity will be a settled standard of civilisation, the standard as set by England in

the defence of the French. In this trust, England and America will be as one. The new world sympathises, and must sympathise, with the Allied Defence. We may be sure Americans will not forget it. They will triumph with our triumphs, cheer for our victories, clasp hands across the waters with us. The attempts at misrepresentation made by the astute German Ambassador in America will fail. Almost the entire American Press has branded the Kaiser's outbreak as the action of a "mad dog." See what a response there has been in England across the seas! We may feel proud of these kinsmen of ours. We may feel equally confident of the American spirit of common sense.

England, in her own despite dragged into hostilities, goes into the European fray with the quiet confidence of victory. It is an utter impossibility that the Germans should win, should be able to "eviscerate" civilisation. As before said, we English stand to win all through. Already we find the little island recovered from the first shock, calm and business-like, unshaken, her credit unimpaired. With the felicity of the English practical man, Mr. H. G. Morgan has defined the attitude of England as "business as usual." The word is—carry on. We will carry on. England has resumed the office of Pitt in Europe, naturally, as it were, responding to her historic *rôle*. All the qualities latent in the English race have risen to the occasion, and there is neither complaint nor bombast. A grim duty has fallen upon our sailors. They will fulfil it. Our duty, primarily, is to destroy the German fleet; to assist the French on land with all the means in our power. It is not to be supposed that our Navy will issue from the ordeal unscathed. The Germans will certainly sow the seas with mines; there will be "accidents"; there may be a pitched and catastrophic naval battle. But we who are sheltered on the island look forward without trepidation. It is one of the paradoxes of our insular situation that tens of thousands of Englishmen who would give their souls to stand in the fighting line in the defence of country are doomed to impotence, and must needs await the issue with what composure they may. It is not the least of the trials to be borne by us. To be sure, the most envied men in England to-day are those who man our ships.

It is the same with the Army. We saw young Belgians crowded in trains *en route* for the front, men who were "called up" against the enemy, and we would have given all to be conscripts, too, going forth at the call of arms, instead of spectators watching them from the stations. All over England men gnash their teeth that they are not able to help stem the barbaric onrush of the Kaiser. Never has the nobility of a Citizen Army been brought home to us so poignantly. We feel it to be the right of the individual male to face the common foe. We hear of the Belgian and French mobilisations, of France denuded of young men, of women getting in the harvest, and our hearts ache with the denial. At this moment, we know it is an honour to fight. The married men, those over thirty, try hard to go about their business, but every hour of the day is an exercise in discipline and self-denial. Yes, it is very hard this enforced passivity of Englishmen. What would thousands of us not give now for conscription! If the Government were to impose compulsory service in England to-morrow, it would be acclaimed as the blessings of the millennium.

Had we a Conscriptionist Army, the Emperor would never have attempted this war. The result in England is a profound feeling of dissatisfaction which at once found expression in a fervour of sporadic volunteer organisations, schemes and offers, as at the time of the Boer War. threatening the waste inseparable from disjointed effort. Very splendid, no doubt, but not what is needed to roll up the Kaiser's legions. It is the price we pay for the nation's refusal to have a Citizen Army. As a result, thousands of men, especially men over thirty, are debarred from any active participation in the war, men who otherwise would be of inestimable service. In France, at the declaration of war, every man went automatically to his post; there was no excitement, no confusion, nothing was left to volunteer patriotism; the entire male machine of France was set in motion; it was not a question of only the young men having their opportunity; male France marched to the front as one man. "C'est la guerre."

By the time these lines are printed, it is to be hoped all traces of the "panicky" feeling will have vanished. As a fact, England is serenely safe. All idea of invasion may

be dismissed as fantastic. It has been accepted, even by arm-chair strategists, that a raid on these coasts could not be attempted under at least a force of 100,000 men; that such a raid, even carried out successfully, could only be regarded as a "desperate hope" for the purpose of frightening the general public; and that "invasion by evasion"—cutting through the defending Navy—is against our Navy hardly a serious proposition. There can be no doubt about it. The military authorities are quite right to take all precautions, to prepare for raids, but unless our Navy is practically put "out of being," it is the most improbable thing in the world that the Germans will either find the men to spare for such a purpose or find the means of "evasion" so easy that any ship in the Kaiser's Navy would attempt it. Were Russia neutral, it would be a different matter. As it is, the invasion is "not likely."

It being of great importance that things in this country should carry on, it is to be hoped that by September people will return to the seaside places, many of which, owing to the ludicrous ideas of attack from German Zeppelins, raids and torpedo attacks, have seriously suffered from the exodus; while many people in a small way—hotel-keepers, lodging-house keepers, and shop-keepers there have been very hard put to it. There are probably not five airmen in Germany who could hope to achieve anything by a flight across the North Sea. As for the Zeppelins, nothing would give our "old sports" more pleasure than to be able to snipe at them, if by some untoward chance a couple or so were blown this way. It is a pity that public notices were not in the early days placarded by the authorities in all these places, telling the public there was no danger. As it is, a great many families have curtailed their holidays, and a great deal of fun for the children on the shores has been lost.

No, England is as safe as the Mississippi, and those who require proof have but to remember the feat of our Navy in shepherding the Expeditionary Army across the Channel "without accident." That was a splendid achievement. To many of us, England's confounded safety is the annoying part of this war. Here we are absolutely shielded by our Navy, bursting to do something, dreaming we are lying in trenches by the side of many of the waiters who the

other day brought us our dinner and "overcharged" us, yet constrained to go about our business, even to play golf, because, well, because we are not trained soldiers, and therefore are not wanted! If 300,000 Germans effected a landing, a shout of joy would go up among us. To be sure, not a man of them would survive. But that, alas! is not conceivable. We can but fight with the "lead" of the Press: seeking to acquire the contemplative spirit, for we are the "women" in this war, the "Girls they left behind them."

All the same, we have to steel our hearts for the terrible events that will come, to be ready for every emergency. The fight that has begun will be pitiless, disastrous beyond all precedent. Confident, as we have all reason to be, we may expect set-backs, reverses, long intervals of anxiety and silence. Not for a moment is it to be supposed that the German forces will not fight with the bravery of their race. Not for a moment is it to be thought that the Allies' task is a light one. On the contrary. This is the supreme crisis in European history. The Allies will have to fight their way through step by step, passionately, heroically. Every inch of the German lines will be disputed. Unless the Emperor proves himself a poltroon—which is not to be anticipated—the Germans will fight till they are beaten.

Militarily, apart from the Titanic forces engaged, the conditions are against the Germans. They are crippled at sea, with their entire oversea trade swept off the waters, their fleet doomed to inaction or to the "great chance" with England. On land their whole campaign depended upon swiftness. It was to be a campaign of haste—the dash through Belgium, the infliction of a pulverising defeat on the French so as to be ready to meet the Russians. Haste is a bad general. So it has proved. Hence, the mad attempts to "rush" Liège, the reckless pouring of German troops into Belgium, regardless of commissariat, the attempts of the Uhlans to "ride through" at any price, the savage reprisals of German soldiers, maddened at the unexpected opposition. These things show that the ground plan of the German advance has miscarried. At the beginning, their chief asset was time. It has become their enemy, thanks to the Belgian defence, which checked and "held up" the German offensive. For the Germans, the war has opened badly. Their opportunity lay in swift

and devastating attack. It has failed. They will now have to fight without the auxiliary of time. Thus, the war which broke out as the result of German diplomatic miscalculation, has begun with repulse due to haste and military misjudgment.

But the difficulties of war on this stupendous scale are incalculable, and may well prove insuperable. Owing to the terrific power of modern guns, their awful moral effect, the enormous strength of modern fortifications, the almost impossibility of successful mass charges, rushes and the carrying of positions by assault, and the stupendous difficulties of feeding and supplying such armies, not to speak of the inevitable shortage of horses and the rainy season beginning in October, the Armies on both sides may not improbably fight themselves into what will amount to a condition of stale-mate, neither side being able to push home a "crowning mercy," to annihilate or put to rout. We may expect many surprises. The experiences of the Japanese at the three weeks' battle of Mukden rather point to the likelihood of battles being neither won nor wholly lost, of destruction minus result. All the same, Germany has far more to lose than the Allies have by the protraction of war which as yet has only begun.*

The task of the Allies is clear. They must press on. There can be no going back now till the forces of England and France, of Belgium and Russia, march through the Brandenburg Gate of Berlin, past the statue of Bismarck, to the gates of the Emperor's Castle, there to impose the conditions of Europe and restore to France the annexed provinces. In the name of civilisation, the Allied Powers must cripple German militarism with all that it stands for, once and for always. They must decree the end of the Bismarckian era. They must extract the fangs of the Hohenzollerns.

* The wise man will not be led astray by the accounts of "Austrian regiments cut up," and such-like ebullitions of "easy victories" with which the public has been hitherto regaled, a policy forced upon the Press by the military censorship. Very terrible trials stand before the Allies. The general supposition that the Germans are "no good" and can be defeated without horrible loss of life on the part of the Allies is seriously erroneous. It is to be hoped that the censors will realise that the public should fully understand the gravity of the military task on the *continent*, which it certainly does not grasp. As it is, there is altogether too much fuss. Boycotting Brahms or Wagner will not help anybody. As for making war on German governesses it is un-English. It is time we shot genuine spies and settled down to the gruesome task which confronts the Armies in Europe.

Exhumed

By Arthur Mills

I MUST write. There is no one I can talk to about it, no one who could understand, no one who would be able to see it all as I do. But the need to pour out all that is in my mind is too great to be denied.

For three years my heart has been empty. I do not mean that the years were miserable, but just that they were void of the joy or sorrow which only the heart can give. It seemed that I had drunk my fill of emotion and for the rest of life must be content with definite sensations, the excitement of adventure, the pleasure of critical appreciation, the study of my fellow creatures. . . .

Then I met her again by chance, and as I looked into her eyes there came back to me the rich flavour which I had thought never to taste again, acute, indefinable. The concrete shapes of things melted round me, and she stood out distinct, the one vital thing in the whole of my existence.

I stopped her in the street, speaking her name and holding out my hand. She stared at me a moment, then her fingers closed round mine. Her grey eyes—gooseberry eyes she used to call them when they told too plainly of wayward paths—drew me deep into their depths. The little whimsical smile was almost cruel.

So after three years we met again, just by chance, in the crowded lamp-lit street.

Our first meeting had been dramatic enough; we had seen one another across a sea of faces and rushed together, drawn in by the thin magnetic current which some call love at first sight. I remember we kissed before we spoke to one another. Was it to be expected that such a wild child of passion should live long or die happily?

She had gone out of my life, leaving a hollow wound;

as the years went by, instead of letting it heal, I fretted the place with reflections, making a great sore which never ceased to send through me stabbing pangs of longing and regret.

Yet if our first meeting was tense with dramatic quality, so, too, was our second. True the child was dead, and buried in the deep grave of time; true we had mourned him grievously in separate corners of the earth; but true, too, that as we stood there, holding hands and looking into each other's eyes, it seemed as though the years that covered our love rolled back, showing it naked, bare, intact. Or so I thought and thrilled at the possibility. . . .

She was with friends at the time of our second meeting, and we agreed to dine together later when she could leave them. I went straight to the little restaurant that had been our haunt, and sat down to wait for her at our table. I speculated on the surprise it would be to George to see us together once more. Three years ago we had gone to the restaurant every day, and the good-hearted George had treated us as his children. We had lived through so much at the table in the corner, laughing the hilarious laugh of wine, or sitting in the silent drunkenness of love, hands clasped across the cloth. Sometimes, towards the end, as our nerves strained at the task of lowering passion to its grave, we grew sad; she would sob outright, while I battled painfully with a swelling throat. Hours we would sit there, regardless of place and time and circumstance. George must have seen all and known.

Now at any moment she might come in at the door. Yes, there was a surprise in store for George. And for me? Who knew? I found myself wondering eagerly: "Could things possibly begin again? Could they?"

She came presently, and walked down the room just as I had seen her walk a hundred times before. Her walk had a marked quality of dignity, curious when one reflected that most women would hold up their skirts to let her by, adorable when one knew that it was the symbol of union between reckless pride and reckless indifference to the things which pride holds dear.

"I never thought you would come," she said slowly, as she took the chair opposite.

Her voice was leisurely, soft, and low. Pitched always

in the same key, it could soothe or thrill, but never grow monotonous. Her remark, too: "I never thought you would come"—how exquisitely typical of her point of view. She was glad I had come; she would have been sorry if I had not; but either way it was the same to her, as it had to be—her destiny.

Suddenly I caught myself wondering if the remark was not just what anybody would have said. If—horrors—it was trite?

She went on talking, and told me about the particular landlady of the moment. She always wove romances about the people who chanced to come most nearly into her vagrant life. (How I used to listen to the accounts, and how clearly I used to see the people.) This landlady was the widow of a professional cricketer, and a great enthusiast of the game. I found I was not listening to the description. I was listening to the slow, soft voice, just the same as it used to be, and yet now tinged with the suspicion of affectation.

Reluctantly and a little painfully I forced myself to a critical study of her face. Were those eyes—the gooseberry eyes—really reading through mine into my heart? Or was it just an ordinary attentive expression that I had dreamed of in the empty years and treasured as a thing indefinable, elusive, to be found only once?

I stretched out my hand for the bottle of brandy which George had brought us with our coffee. She drew it out of my reach, just as she used to do when I had been drinking over-freely.

"Please," I leant over the table.

"No."

"Yes." My hand just touched the bottle.

"*No.*"

"I want to blur things. They are so painfully distinct."

She snatched up the bottle and, with a quick gesture, filled a large wine-glass to the brim: "Drink, then."

I drank eagerly, and when I looked up I saw the sad grey eyes, heard the sad, soft voice, breathed the still air of tragedy, and forgot the thoughts I had tried to drown.

"You will have some?" I began to fill her glass.

She shook her head. In the old days she had always drunk glass for glass with me. After we parted I had pictured her ending horribly, for women do not usually cure themselves of the habit. Now her refusal made me study her afresh. No, she had not the look of a woman who drank. She had taken herself in hand, then, resolved that life was still worth living. Well, so had I. What of it? Why not? Why. . . . But what then was there that kept this second meeting from being commonplace? What, indeed—unless it was the strength of my determination?

We finished dinner; the table was cleared; and we sat on talking, talking, across the white cloth strewn with grey ashes of cigarettes. All the others had gone, and the room was empty except for a little group of waiters clustered about an evening paper near the door.

She told me what had happened to her; how she had been to Africa and nearly died of fever; from there returned to England and all but starved; finally married the manager of a touring company. She did not know where he was now, or care. She was going to Vancouver in a fortnight.

I hardly listened to her story. It did not interest me; not even the marriage, or that she was going to Vancouver. After the hours and nights that I had thought about her, it was odd that this narrative answering all my speculations should leave me so unmoved. But now my thoughts were focussed upon her personality, on a study of the things that had charmed me—her voice, her eyes, her hundred little ways.

It did not hurt me now to know that the old passion, which our meeting had automatically exhumed and which for an instant had seemed to quiver, was dead. As a doctor might at the end of an experiment, I still toyed with the details.

The little strands which make the lovers' knot should never be unravelled. It is a messy, unsatisfactory business—wanton and destructive. Yet, so absorbed was I in testing the thin fibres of her charm, that I seized—without bitterness—on the fact of their having bound a manager of a touring company as proof that they were genuine. It was better so. I had rather know I had been carried away

without good cause, than that the cause itself had been fictitious.

One by one the lights went out. Our table had been laid afresh. We had eaten supper. Now that was finished; the evening was finished; everything was finished. It was time to go.

She scribbled down her address and threw the bit of paper across to me. I put it in my pocket. It was the consummation of a pointless night.

Books

ECONOMICS

THE COLLECTIVIST STATE IN THE MAKING. By EMIL DAVIES. (Bell.) 5*s.* net.

THE Collectivist State, it seems, is largely being made by individualists who have an axe to grind—and we hope the Collectivists are duly grateful. For it is a fact that the majority of the theorists who have preached Collectivism for years are the last men in the world to bring it into actual being. They could write and talk and debate, but when faced with practical affairs they were hopelessly beaten. Thus we may take it that Collectivism will come to full maturity somewhere, in God's good time, but—just because it is an expedient of certain profiteers who will get their something per cent. out of arranging it, and not an expression of the general will—we venture to doubt whether it will accomplish all, or many, of those marvellous things that have been so persistently claimed of it. On this point Mr. Davies gives one or two interesting examples. There are certain contractors and manufacturers who make and construct machinery and plant of such a nature that it is only useful to large communities, and, to get business, "these contractors or manufacturers find it necessary to persuade municipalities to embark upon enterprises which will call for these plants, and so keen are these contractors upon getting business that they do not stop at suggesting the creation of municipal enterprises, but offer to assist in raising the necessary capital." Dog does eat dog, then, after all! The main part of the book, however, is devoted to giving concrete examples of what States and municipalities are now doing in various parts of the world, and a really surprising number of Collectivist undertakings is enumerated. Besides such things as land, houses, railways, waterworks, and the like, there are municipal or national forests, oil wells, rubber plantations, slaughter houses, and diamond and gold mines. Even in England a seaside resort, Torquay, runs its own café and restaurant, whilst Germany furnishes—or shall we say furnished—examples of State or

municipal ownership of almost anything one can think of, from a municipal midwife to a municipal undertaker. Mr. Davies has given us an excellent collection of facts; we wish him an equally excellent public.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

ESSAYS BY HUBERT BLAND. ("Hubert" of the *Sunday Chronicle*.) Chosen by E. NESBIT BLAND. With an Introduction by Cecil Chesterton. (Max Goschen.) 1914. 5*s*. net.

THESE thirty essays are the fairly adequate expression of an unusually definite personality: a critic who was essentially a man of action, an Imperialist who did not lose sight of the men behind the Dreadnoughts and the dividends, and an economic reconstructor, who remained more than half a Conservative in his view of "experiments in life."

This strongly individual point of view is stated with a massive and arrogant force and almost delusive clearness. Hubert Bland, as he himself said of Rudyard Kipling, in a criticism of admirable insight and more finished expression than most of his work,—instinctively "generalised," and "reduced to a common denominator." This gained him the support of a brilliant clique of traditionalists whose prestige is based on our national ignorance of modern history, and fostered by all the arts of ecclesiastical log-rolling. But it is not necessary to soak one's brain in alcohol and incense in order to appreciate Bland's work. The Christian virus did not destroy his sense of justice between man and man, or his scorn of humbug. Read the essay on "The 'Softness' of the Workers"—a thunderbolt of truth and generous wrath;—"The Granducal Point of View," which concludes thus: "Revolutions never happen until they are badly wanted—and not always then"; "The Tragedy of the Village," a masterly summary of the Hammonds' book; and "To a Working Man": "No, it is neither lack of power nor of knowledge how to use it, that is the matter with the English working classes. It is patience, the patience, as I said, of the ass." And no feminist has ever contrasted the English convention of chivalry with the facts of English life and institutions to more telling effect than this anti-feminist, whose intellectual honesty and knowledge

continually warred against his disposition to confuse the results of economic stress and the patriarchate, with innate organic differences. This is shown in the essay "About Divorce," where, after a brilliant analysis of the present law and its working, he stultifies himself by glorifying the clerical Moloch of indissolubility in the name of Eugenics! and as a deterrent! Again, in "Death or the Lady," the thinking and merciful man so far prevails over the Christian, that he suggests "rational engagements," involving "an intimacy less than that of marriage, more than that of mere acquaintance,"—and in "The Faith I Hold" there is an interesting sidelight on the population question. Bland was a great teacher of the workers. His knowledge of the literature and civilisations of the past, and his particular sympathy with all specially masculine activities and achievements were invaluable elements in the Fabian Society. He was an effective and sometimes almost a great satirist. Above all, he had courage, both in life and in thought, and no one ever fought more gallantly, both while he had the light, and when, in the last years, it failed.

L'ENTRAVE. Par COLETTE WILLY. (Librairie artistique et litteraire.) 1914.

HERE is the full-length portrait of a woman, drawn with the lightest and surest touch. It is the sequel to "La Vagabonde." "L'Entrave" is less audaciously original than the Claudine series and "La Retraite Sentimentale," but equally exquisite as a work of art. Colette Willy's work remains unique, in its spontaneous truth, its vivid grace, and its inimitable flavour—pungent, yet hauntingly delicious as the scent of rain-washed heliotrope.

PAUSILIPON. By R. T. GÜNTHER. (Oxford University Press.) 30*s*.

IT does one good, amid the stress of war, to turn aside into calm and studious realms of thought, such as are opened up in this fine volume. Mr. Günther's researches into those mysterious earth-movements which have disquieted the shores of the Mediterranean Sea are familiar to scholars, and a book like this ought to make his name known to a larger section of readers. For it deals with a more "popular" subject—with that ancient Villa of Pausilipon which has given its name to one of the most beautiful districts on earth. Virgil has left his mark on

the site, and also the Emperor Hadrian; Augustus is conjectured to have spent happy days in this villa which he received as a legacy from the glutton Vedius Pollio—the same who was wont to fatten his lampreys on the flesh of slaves. Here they lived, these rulers and epicures; here they built their "refuge from cares," as the name of the villa signifies, and enriched it with colonnades, with baths, temples, theatres, and the masterpieces of Greek sculpture.

Time has wrought sad changes upon the place. A large portion of the buildings are now slumbering under sea-level; others are submerged beneath the soil of vineyards or in a ruinous state of decay; the precious marble are scattered over the face of the earth in museums and private collections. To trace these *disjecta membra* and reconstruct —so far as was possible—this classic site as it appeared in Roman days: this has been Mr. Günther's task. The work has entailed long and patient research—measurements of existing remains and scholarly conjecture as to their purport, the collation of a mass of ancient and modern writers who have touched upon this locality and whose casual and often contradictory hints have been hard to disentangle: the piecing together, in short, of an almost desperate puzzle. Plainly a labour of love, and one on which we may congratulate both Mr. Günther and the publisher, who has done everything possible to present these researches in an appetising garb.

FICTION

JOHN BARLEYCORN. By JACK LONDON. (Mills and Boon.) 6*s*.

MR. JACK LONDON is a standing example of the young man who has gone wrong—we are writing melodramatically. He reminds us of the poor, misguided girls in the cheap novelettes who want to go right, but whose desire for the path of rectitude is not so strong as is their desire for fine dresses and—things. Understand me, says Mr. London. "I am a seasoned drinker. I have no constitutional predisposition for alcohol. I am not stupid. I am not a swine. I know the drinking game from A to Z, and I have used my judgment in drinking. I never have to be put to bed. Nor do I stagger. In short, I am a normal, average man; and I drink in the normal, average way, as

drinking goes." And, we may add, Mr. London is mistaken. He is not the normal, average man (where is the average man who would use so many "I's"?), for the average man drinks because he likes a drink, whereas Mr. London drinks because he got used to it in spite of the fact that he "never liked the damned stuff." He loathed alcohol, and "this physical loathing for alcohol I have never got over. But I have conquered it. To this day I conquer it every time I take a drink. The palate never ceases to rebel." He took to drink because he wanted to be an adventurer, and all the adventurers he had seen were drinkers. All the things he admired seemed to be done in saloons, or after visits to saloons. The saloon seemed to him the path to glory, so he became a drunkard instead of indulging his fancy for toffee sticks. He went wrong because he wanted to shine in the world in which he elected to move. It never seems to have entered his head that he would have shone still more had he done his fighting and poaching and adventuring on the strength of his beloved sugar candy. But there the melodrama comes in. Had he stuck to candy he could not have preached as "one who has been there"; he could not have followed the novelette fashion of warning the youngsters, and giving them such exciting incidents as examples. No, it will not do. This book is a failure as a temperance tract, and Jack London is a failure as a temperance advocate—he can't even give up the drink after voting prohibitionist! Let him stick to his tales of the Yukon and leave woman's suffrage and teetotalism ranting alone.

SOCIOLOGICAL

INTERMEDIATE TYPES AMONG PRIMITIVE FOLK. By EDWARD CARPENTER. (George Allen and Co.) 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

WE are accustomed, by this time, to the attractive manner in which this firm produces its books; accustomed, moreover, to the prose of Mr. Carpenter, so lucid and refined. But to those who can read between the lines, the present little study is much more than its scientific title suggests. It is more than a mere investigation into what has been done, during the world's history, by the "intermediate" towards the softening of manners and the en-

noblement of thought—towards civilising humanity. The book is of profound interest; it is one which every thoughtful man and woman ought to ponder, at this present juncture. Mr. Carpenter's description of the customs of certain Greek races ought to help us to realise the significance of those notions of masculine self-respect, courage, and abnegation which led to sacrifices of undying heroism, to victories like that of Thermopylæ. Even more interesting, because less familiar, are his researches into the origins of the Japanese warrior-caste, which are shown to have close analogies with those of the Dorian Brotherhood. What was it that overthrew Russia but the solemn inspiration of that ideal which was fostered by the Samurai and their chivalrous institution? These matters and their national import should at last be taken to heart in England; they should be frankly explained, rather than covered up under a veil of sloppily mendacious nonsense.

As a matter of fact, they *have* already been taken to heart, sub-consciously; and the explanation—as usually happens—will follow in due course. Movements like that of the Scouts show that our country is by no means dead to the value of such purifying aspirations. Here is a nascent caste which will grow up with, and inevitably disseminate, ideas of manliness and military efficiency superior to those which animated the preceding generation; a brotherhood bound together by honourable ties of patriotic duty and mutual obligation; a penetrating protest against sentimentalism in conduct and muddle-headed effeminacy of thought. The antique pre-Christian conception of virtue, as described by Mr. Carpenter, is once more in the ascendant. It was high time.

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